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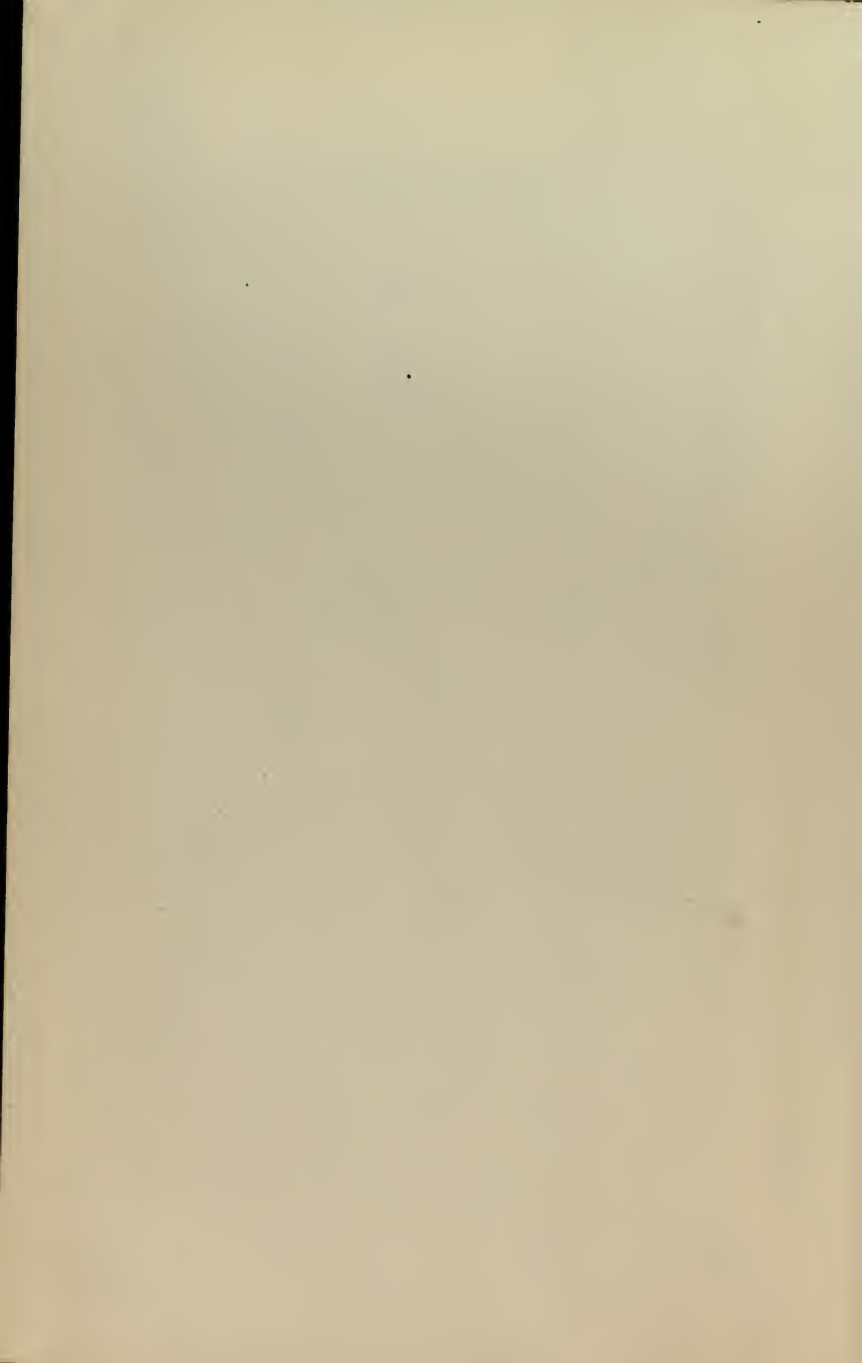
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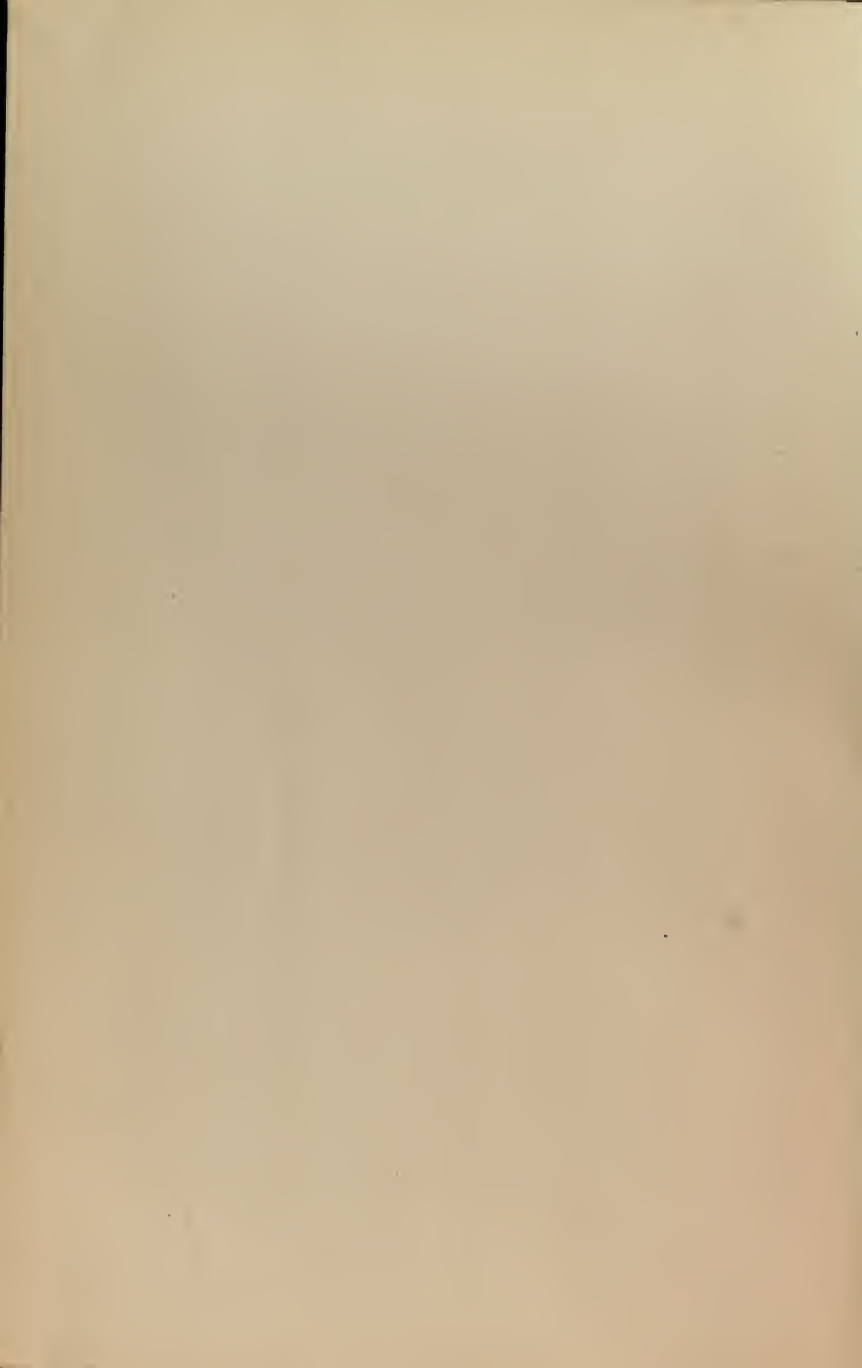


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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.

Syracuse, N. Y.



JUST STUNTS

FOR EVERY OCCASION

By

WILLIS N. BUGBEE, FRANK O. WOOD

I. L. PETERS, *and others*

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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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NOTE. Most of the tunes mentioned herein may be found in the "Golden Book of Favorite Songs" (20 cents). This and the tune of "I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust" (50 cents) may be obtained of the publishers of this book.

Stunts for Games, Etc.

By FRANK O. WOOD

Battle Royal

For this stunt about five Freshmen about the same size are needed. Where this stunt is to be held, rope off a ring about the same size as a boxing ring or the rope may be held by four members of the audience. This is to keep the five persons within reasonable bounds. Next take a pillow well covered, place in the hands of the contestants and then blindfold all. Place one man in each corner and one in the center. When given the word to start they are to approach an opponent and start hitting with their pillow. A referee is to be in the ring to see that everything goes all right and every man uses the pillow rather than arms or elbows. The winner, of course, is the one who works the hardest or causes the most laughs. This stunt does not take long and arouses much excitement and enthusiasm.

Tug o' War

Although this is an old stunt that is used everywhere, if properly handled it can cause much spirit and will help put the students in the right frame of mind for Yell practice.

The Yell Leader "on the sly" gets some Freshmen to write a scathing denunciation of the Sophomores and at the same time challenging the Sophs for a Tug o' War to take place at yell practice on a certain night. This letter should be published in the school daily in order that the whole student body may hear about it and want to come out to see the fun. Let all arguments be published, as this creates interest. Have the Freshmen dress in any way the Yell Leader sees fit and then proceed as in any Tug o' War. A limited number should take part as it will save time and confusion.

Solo by an Athlete

If worked correctly this is a very clever and amusing thing to pull on the student body. When the Cheer Leader announces his program for Yell Practice in the school paper, play this little stunt up and give it publicity as it will draw the crowds.

For this is needed an athlete who is popular with the student body and one who will co-operate with the Cheer Leader. Next get a good piano player and also a girl with a good voice. The girl who is to sing stands behind some object to conceal her presence, but the piano and player remain in view of the students. The Cheer Leader calls the athlete to the stage and announces the song to be sung. The piano starts and the girl sings. The athlete moves his mouth as though singing, and if worked right the audience will be kept guessing until the end. The stunt may end by the Cheer Leader "accidentally" knocking the screen down, exposing the singer, or he may leave the stage before the song is nearly over.

Mock Bathing Girl Revue

A Bathing Girl Revue always goes over big, and it is possible to hold one in any college or university without arousing the wrath of the faculty. It is best to use prominent athletes or "activity" men in the farce bathing girl revue.

Get some local artist or member of the art department to draw or paint comical bodies of people in bathing suits, leaving the head and neck off. Beaver boarding is very appropriate for this as it can be cut easily, leaving the figure of the bathing beauty. About twelve of these, life size, will be sufficient. Behind each of these figures some prominent student is to stand so as to show his head and neck on this "bathing beauty." All sorts of bathing suits and bodies may be drawn, because the funnier the figure the better is the effect on the audience. It is best to present these figures one at a time and for the grand finale bring all of them forward as a grand climax.

Famous Victories Night

Reviews or style shows always attract attention, and here we have one which is very comical as well as interesting and beautiful.

The Cheer Leader or director should obtain a record of all great victories the school has enjoyed as far back into the history of the school as possible. As it is impossible to take all the great victories, it is necessary to skip about five years between each victory in order to show the change in dress. For each date, a girl and boy are chosen and are to dress as the students did, say in 1880. Bring the date up to the present day in order to see the evolution of the dress of college students. Let each boy and girl carry a placard telling of the victory and year they represent. One couple at a time is to cross the stage slowly so that the audience may enjoy the old costumes. When all of the couples are upon the stage it is a fitting climax for the Cheer Leader to lead them in some of the yells they used years ago. These may be obtained by going back to the old year books or annuals. After this it is very beautiful for an orchestra to play an old-fashioned waltz and let the couples waltz from the stage.

Hypnotism

For the hypnotist someone should be secured who is not known by the audience. Have the hypnotist appear in a dress suit and maintain a serious attitude. As this stunt is a framed-up affair, about five students who are good actors should be stationed in different parts of the audience and should reluctantly volunteer their services to the hypnotist. These students must not laugh or smile while the man is hypnotizing them for it will give the stunt away. Have the hypnotist make the students do funny and clever stunts as the audience enjoys this to the utmost.

As a climax to this stunt, have the hypnotist "charm" one of the young men and tell him he is now a small boy again out at the "ole swimming hole."

The boy laughs and hollers, "Come on, boys, and let's go in."

The hypnotist tells him to proceed as if he were at the edge of the pond and the one hypnotized asks, "Where is the spring board?" The hypnotist gets a chair and places it in the middle of the stage and then tells the boy to get on the diving board to prepare to go in.

The one hypnotized gets on the chair and begins to remove some of his garments—shoes, tie and possibly a shirt. When the audience sees the young man undressing they really think he is hypnotized and enjoy it very much.

Just as the boy places his hand on his belt to undo it the hypnotist cries, "Hokus pokus presto gingerokus, you are no longer under my spell."

The boy starts as if greatly surprised and runs from the stage with clothes in his hand.

Fake Wrestling Match

Two men from the gym class or tumbling team are the ones best fitted for this act. Have the two men dress differently, for example: one dress as a rube and the other dress as a tramp or vagabond. Let them come together from opposite sides and meet in the middle where an argument that is witty ensues. They appear to get angry and one issues a challenge to fight. They back off and run towards each other but before they meet one dives high as if to catch a hold and the other low, and both turn their dive into a front roll. One now tries to run and jump on the other but his foot is grabbed and he is turned a back flip. They next get on the mat and go through all sorts of motions and faces. Each grabs his own foot, twists it and then grabs himself by the neck. They act just as clumsy and ridiculous as possible. This is very humorous as well as productive of a great deal of pep.

Pillow Fight

Get a pole or pipe large enough for two people to sit upon—about five feet apart, and high enough from the floor

that they cannot touch it with their feet. Under this place a mat to catch the contestants as they fall. The Cheer Leader now calls or lets the audience call two Freshmen to the stage. He gives each a pillow and tells him to crawl upon the pole. The one who knocks the other off is victorious and others are called from the audience to try to get the victor's place. Sticks may also be used to push each other off if they are well padded at the ends.

Fake Bull Fight

This stunt is good for the field or stage. Have a boy dress as a Spanish Toreador and come on the stage with the band playing some snappy Spanish air. Someone introduces him with a flowery speech. A Spanish Senorita should be seated near by and to this young lady he bows low and she in turn throws him a red rose.

Just as he bends to pick up the rose the band breaks into an uproar of noise as the "bull" comes madly in.

The "bull" is formed by two boys covered with gunny or toe sack. The head of the "bull" is cut out of board and is held by the front boy who leans over. The last boy places his hands on the hips of the one in front and also leans over to form the hind quarters of the "bull." For a tail use rope. It is very comical for the "bull" to come running upon the stage bellowing and pulling the characteristic antics of his kind. The "bull" should bellow, paw his feet on the ground and make vicious lunges at the red cloth of the toreador. When the fight is half over it is very amusing for the "bull" to sit down on the floor a moment, then get up and go to a nearby wall or piece of furniture to scratch. After this the fight is resumed until the toreador stabs the "bull" and it dies. Just after dying the two boys should separate themselves and go in opposite directions.

If the Senor and Senorita are good dancers it is very entertaining to have them dance some kind of Spanish dance, preferably the Tango, after the "bull" has been disposed of.

Slow Motion Football Game

About six players on each side will prove a sufficient number for this so-called slow motion game. For a football an inflated balloon should be used as it will slowly float through the air. On the kick-off a thread should be tied to the balloon so as to enable the one receiving it to slowly draw it to himself after it has been kicked by the opposing team.

This stunt takes practice and everyone in it should know exactly what he is going to do as it is slow motion and every man should have something definite to do. If done correctly, this stunt will absolutely "take the roof off." The team on the offense should run two or three plays, then fumble in order for the others to get into the play. Remember that this is a take-off on the slow motion pictures and by all means make the motions slow enough to be funny. Be sure to have plenty of tackling, punting and forward passing. Of course this balloon cannot be thrown or kicked far, but it is very amusing to see it slowly moving in the air with a slowly moving body after it.

If so desired, a play may be run off fast, then a slow motion of the same play can follow.

This is an especially clever stunt to pull during football season and if desired it can be played by the regular number of players on a basket ball court.

Greek Dance

In this dance about ten boys are needed. One of this number must play the part of the girl so it is necessary to make a wig of rope or some such absurd material. One of the number plays the leading male role and the rest act as the background and chorus. To look comical, all of the boys should comb their hair forward and paste it down, then tie with a ribbon around the head. They should not be made up heavily but should have on plenty of lipstick and some rouge. The boys should wear white garments to strike them about six inches above the knees and can be made of

two Turkish towels fastened at the side and leaving room for the head and arms.

As this is a farce, the dancers should pull as many comical dances and steps as possible. The girl and boy should each have a veil and should dance clumsily up and down the stage or field, throwing flowers and picking them up. The chorus should play music on small pipes or reeds and also represent birds and butterflies flitting about.

This stunt is very amusing at the half of a football or basket ball game as the boys are usually so clumsy and out of step.

Shoe Stunt

This is especially appropriate for a stunt between halves at either a football or basket ball game.

Have every Freshman boy meet in the middle of the field or court and remove his shoes. These are all piled together and the boys divide into groups. One goes to one end of the field and the other takes the opposite end. When a signal is given they are to run for their shoes. This of course causes a wild scramble and a great deal of excitement. To make it speedier and more interesting a penalty should be placed on the last ten boys who find their shoes.

Calling Contests

This little stunt does not require any preparation and may be used by the Cheer Leader in case he gets in a "tight" place and has nothing to pull or do.

He announces that they will have a calling contest, that is, they will find out who in the student body can call hogs, chickens, cows, dogs, cats, or who can mimic them the best. The audience is to call out the names of those who are to try and they (the contestants) should all be brought to the stage or platform where all may see and hear.

The more things called and mimicked, the better, and it will be found that this stunt is very amusing and entertaining.

Shooting of Dan McGrew

This stunt requires some practice in order to make it comical. The first thing that is needed is someone with a clear voice who can read or quote the "Shooting of Dan McGrew", by Robt. W. Service. Next the characters should be picked. They should be able comedians for this play.

It helps wonderfully if a saloon can be rigged up on the stage, as it lends atmosphere. The one reading the poem should quote one line at a time and then give the actors time to act the line given. This is a very comical stunt if worked right. It is not to be a tragedy but a comedy, and if every one in the cast is clever it can be made a howling success.

Many other stunts listed under different headings in this book are suitable for use at games.

Out-of-Door Stunts

For Picnics, Fairs, Carnivals, Games, Etc.

Kiddie Car Race

This should be for men only and might be limited to those weighing over 150 or 175 pounds. They are to use children's kiddie cars.

Happy Hooligan Race

This is for ladies. They are supposed to start from a given point with a tin can on top of the head. The one who reaches the goal first without jarring the can from the head wins. If the can falls off, the runner must drop out.

Scooter Race

This is for either men or women, using children's toy scooters.

Handicap Relay

The company is divided into two sections. This may be done voluntarily, or two leaders may be chosen and they in turn choose the players alternately. The two divisions then form in single file with the two leaders standing at a given line or starting point. A goal is selected 30 or 40 feet from this line. Each leader is handed a miscellaneous assortment of articles, such as a baseball bat, dinner pail, cushion, stick of wood, football, tennis racket, etc. These are only suggestions. The leaders thus handicapped, run to the goal and back to the head of the line and deliver the articles to the next players, who have in the meantime moved forward to the starting point. As soon as they have delivered their loads, the leaders pass to the back of their

respective lines while the ones having the burdens rush to goal and back. The division whose members succeed in completing the runs first is the winner.

Obstacle Relay

Divide the company into two sections and arrange in a line as in the previous relay. The goal may be placed at 40 feet ahead of the starting point. Various obstacles, such as saw horses, boxes, chairs, etc., may be placed in their paths. The leaders of the respective sections run to goal and back to rear of line. The ones at front then run to the goal and back to rear. This is continued until all have been to the goal and back. The section completing the runs first wins. The fun is in climbing over or overcoming the obstacles in the way to the goal and back.

Frying Pan Relay

This is similar to the Handicap Relay except that each contestant carries a frying pan or pancake griddle on which is a volley ball. If the ball is dropped it must be scooped up without touching it with the hands. Having dropped his ball and scooped it up, the player must return to starting point, then begin to run over again. The side completing the runs first wins the contest. A tennis racket may be used in place of frying pan if desired.

Fake Beauty Contest

Any number of men rig themselves up in female attire with rouge, powder, wigs and all. Each tries to assume feminine mannerisms. Judges are selected and the one having the most ridiculous make-up is adjudged the winner.

Overgrown Baby Contest

Any number of men, rigged up in imitation of baby costumes, are seated in go-carts and baby carriages. In some instances push carts may be remodeled into carriages.

The "babies" carry rattle boxes and nursing bottles which they occasionally use. Each "baby" may be attended by a nurse girl, who may actually be a girl or may be a man made up as such. Small aprons and caps are worn. Judges are selected and the cutest and prettiest baby wins the prize (rattle box). This might be preceded or followed by a baby coach parade.

Pantomime Baseball Game

The company is divided into two teams of nine each beside the umpire. The game is played without the use of a ball or bat. They go through all the imitations of a real game—pitching, catching, batting flies, running to bases, throwing from pitcher to baseman, etc. Finally one player gets "hurt." Others try to revive him by fanning, use of smellings salts, etc. He is revived only after one player has taken off his shoe and held it to his nose. This does the trick.

Burlesque Football Game

One team may be comprised of heavyweights, in heavily padded uniforms, while the other team is composed of featherweights in bathing suits. The game is played in a most ridiculous manner. Pugilistic names may be given the teams, as the "Jack Dempseys", etc.

Rube and Dude Ball Game

This is another form of burlesque ball game in which one team represents "Rubes" and the other "Dudes." The Rubes wear wide-brimmed straw hats, overalls, blue shirts, etc. The Dudes wear high hats, white shirts, etc. Ridiculous plays are made and outlandish decisions announced by the umpire. One "Rube" goes to sleep and snores, suddenly awakened by being hit with the ball which is thrown by the pitcher as a batter runs to the base. Appropriate names are given each team. One fat player may be drawn in an express cart from base to base by another player.

Burlesque Prize Fight

The contestants may be very stout men or boys. A space is roped off on a platform. The fighters and referee enter and take their places in the corners until the fight is called. The whole performance is conducted in a very ridiculous manner. Both are knocked down at different times by a very slight punch and are revived in various odd ways,—by smelling salts, onions, fans, etc. It may be made more ludicrous to have the fighters protected by cushions or pillows tied fore and aft, which will also protect them against falls. The referee makes very ridiculous decisions and is hissed off by the crowd.

Burlesque Spelling Bee

The contestants may include Mutt and Jeff, Barney Google, Jiggs, Mrs. Jiggs, Andy Gump, Min Gump, Petey Dink, Henrietta Dink, Katzenjammer Kids, Rube, Dude, Fat Man, Fat Woman, etc., etc. A burlesque schoolmaster may pronounce the words which should be as ridiculous as possible and spelled or missed in an equally ridiculous manner. The prize may consist of an all-day sucker.

Old-Time Spelling Bee

The spellers should not be burlesque characters but the boys and girls of forty or fifty years ago, but now the older men and women of today. If possible get one of the old-time school masters to pronounce the words and conduct the contest.

Many other stunts in this book listed under different headings are suitable for picnics, carnivals, etc. Among these might be mentioned "Tug O' War", "Battle Royal", "Pillow Fight", "Fake Wrestling Match", "Fake Bull Fight", etc.

Pep-Meeting Stunts

By I. L. PETERS

While in office the Yell Leader often has the impression that he has the most thankless position in the world and that he personally has to take more hard jolts than any other living person. But afterwards when he bids farewell to his Alma Mater he can look back and find that he sincerely feels himself a part of his school and that he has contributed as much to its advancement as any one other individual. Furthermore, he concludes that he would not part with the experience and knowledge gained in acting as Cheer Leader for all the money in the world.

This hopeless feeling spoken of in the preceding paragraph may be especially true if one does not have perfect control over and sympathy with the student body and who has little or no organization. Very little can be accomplished without this organization or co-operation.

Perfect student organization may be brought about in many ways, depending entirely upon the situations, but one method which I am strongly in favor of is this: Cheer leaders or stunt managers must have a nucleus through which they can work or reach the entire student body. First organize a group which we will now call "The Roaring One Hundred", or some other clever title. This group should consist entirely of men representing every phase and department of college life. Distinctive hats or caps, jackets or letters may be worn by this group to draw it together as a unit. Through such an able body of live wire men any leader ought to be able to acquire the desired results.

Complete organization, in my estimation, can best be brought about by a capable stunt manager, for even he may have more influence than the Cheer Leader. At Des Moines University a complete rejuvenation of spirit was brought about by a series of well-planned stunt programs. These are especially desirable before the big games, such as

Home Coming, Dad's Day, Victory Day, etc. It gives a larger group something to do and those who participate in the stunts are always enthusiastic.

Burlesque Fife and Drum Corps

A fife and drum corps with tin pans for drums and a group of good whistlers in the crowd to imitate the shrill fifes always goes over in wonderful style. The fife-players should carry sticks with them, holding in the desired fife position while whistling. Oftentimes an especially large base drum will add to the humor of the entire affair. The corps should be dressed in some ridiculous manner, but should be uniform. An organization of this type may be used at pep-meetings around a victory bonfire or at the head of comic paraders.

The Kitchen Band

For only a few cents one can buy a supply of the popular "gazoo" noise makers. These can be fastened to the handles of various kitchen utensils and will make a very unique and comic looking band if some of the instructions similar to those given to the Fife and Drum Corps are followed.

The Reverie

A rather burlesque affair may be worked out on the stage at pep-meetings by having a person representing the captain of opponent team in deep reverie before the fire-place. As he dreams on, different characters may come out on the stage, tormenting him as he thinks of the game on the morrow. Different characters which may be represented are "Hard Luck", "Injury", "Bonehead", "Score Board With Score", "Snakes", etc.

The Trained Goats

The entire stage must be cleared for this stunt, for the animals must have plenty of space in which to act. The trainer (representing the home team) is attired in bright colored pants, boots and coat, face well painted and hair plastered close to head. He may also carry a whip, belt with cartridges, and a revolver at his side. The animals, of course, are manufactured. They consist of front and back legs, operated by boys. The body of the goat is made of cloth or canvas (*two similar pieces cut in the outline of the animal*) and sewed together along the edge. The head may be made over a wire frame, or a couple of boards or block of wood. Almost any size will do.

The act opens with lively music and the crack of the ringmaster's whip. At this signal the goats (*representing opposing teams*) come flying out just as they do in a circus. The ringmaster puts them through various stunts, circling, forward and back, jumping, rolling over, standing on small boxes, lying down, etc. The trainer lies down and plays with them, doing several stunts.

After several minutes of crazy acting, the goats are run in a circle at a lively speed. They reverse and make several changes of direction and at another crack of the trainer's whip there is a mistake in the signals and the front legs keep ahead while the hind quarters reverse. This makes a terrible mess, running every direction, and while the trainer hopelessly tries to straighten them out the curtain falls.

Burlesque Dancing Girls

This is a number that may have to be worked out a little more in detail and requires more practice but certainly is a scream when presented. Six or eight boys in girls' stage costumes may work out a few simple steps, accompanied by an orchestra that will send any audience into shrieks of laughter. Boys who are naturally good dancers are preferable.

Two by Two

This requires the following characters:

8 boys dressed as flappers, with short dresses, rolled hose, boyish bobs, painted lips, well rouged and powdered.

8 girls dressed as "shicks", with white shirts, large bow ties, etc.

These people can work out some wonderfully simple steps and will make a great impression on the audience, especially if characters are well known people. One or two song numbers such as "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" are also very impressive when sung by such a group as this. One couple may step forward and do the "Strut" or "Blackbottom" and then all may leave the stage in some simple but grand finale.

Boys' Glee Club

By taking eleven of the most popular men out of the Glee Club, putting them in dress suits and letting each represent some individual on the opponent team, another classy number may have developed. Any popular song may be selected and the words worked over to fit the occasion. While going through the act the individuals skip about the stage very daintily singing about "how inspired they are for the game on the morrow; how courageous they are going to be; how they will not play rough," etc., etc.

See other stunts listed under different headings but equally suited for use at pep meetings.

Some Initiation Stunts

For Girls' Sororities

By ORATHY WIERMAN

The following stunts should be performed indoors, preferably at the home of one of the members where the noise and confusion will not disturb anyone. They have been used with much success by girls' sororities at their initiation parties. The idea carried throughout is to scare or puzzle the candidate and not to injure or harm her by too rough treatment. Many a newly initiated member has been lost to the sorority by "rough house" treatment, which is not only unladylike but dangerous as well.

Kissing the Constitution

This is a good stunt with which to start the fun. Have ready a large book, a pan of molasses or some sticky substance, and a pan of flour. The candidate is blindfolded and then led into the room. The leader after a few words regarding the laws and rules of the club, addresses the candidate as follows:

"The first thing every good member shall do is to kiss the constitution of this club three times. Candidate, kiss the constitution."

The first time the book is held to be kissed; the second time, the molasses, and the third time, the flour. This usually ends in a great deal of spluttering on the part of the candidate and much hilarious laughter on the part of the spectators. It may be repeated until each candidate has "kissed the constitution."

Branding

The candidate is blindfolded and brought into the room where she is informed that the insignia of the club is to be branded upon the back of her hand. A piece of ice is quickly touched to her hand.

If desired, the candidate may be allowed to see a piece of metal being heated on a stove before the branding takes place, giving the impression that the iron is being heated for that purpose.

High Stepping

While the candidates are being branded one member remains in the living room and places various objects such as vases, photos, cushions, books, etc., in a scattered position on the floor. A candidate is then brought in and told to observe carefully the position in which the objects are placed. She then leaves the room to be blindfolded and also to give the ones remaining in the room time to remove the objects from the floor. The candidate is then brought in and, heeding advice from every side, makes herself ridiculous by trying to step over imaginary obstacles.

Fly Paper Promenade

This should take place in the kitchen where newspapers may be spread over the floor. Lay pieces of fly paper a few inches apart, in a double row, the length of the room. The candidates are blindfolded and brought into the room. They are then ordered to remove shoes and stockings and to walk in single file on the rows of fly paper. Their efforts to shake the fly paper from their feet causes great amusement.

Bread and Milk Banquet

This also should take place in the kitchen or where a muss on the floor will not cause damage. The candidates

are blindfolded and seated crosslegged on the floor, in two rows, facing each other. Each player is given a bowl of bread and milk and told to feed her partner who sits directly opposite her. The bread and milk of course lands anywhere except where it is intended.

Drinking From a Straw

The candidate is blindfolded and made to drink grape juice or any soft drink through a straw. If she likes it and wishes a second drink, change bottles, giving her one containing something unpleasant to the taste.

Do You Like Butter?

The candidate is questioned in the following manner:

Would you like to live on a farm?

Do you like eggs?

Do you like milk?

Do you like butter?

If she says she likes butter, the leader calls loudly: "Hurry, sister, bring on the butter."

The candidate is then gently butted by a member standing back of her.

A Hokus Pokus Initiation

For Men or Women

While the wording is for a men's initiation, yet it is equally good for women by changing the gender of pronouns and slightly modifying the actions.

KEEPER OF THE GOAT. Worthy candidate, as Keeper of the Goat, you have been turned over to me. Your fate lies in my hands. You are about to be introduced, initiated, instructed and annihilated into the secrets and intricacies of the "Imperial Order of Hokus Pokus." You will soon discover that it is a very wonderful, mysterious and fearful organization. If you don't it won't be our fault. Are you now ready for the ceremony which will make you a member of this glorious and exalted order, that is, provided you live through it?

CANDIDATE. Y-yes, sir.

KEEPER. I notice that you appear to have a very strong physique, and I am glad of that, because you will certainly need it. Before we proceed, however, we must have you thoroughly examined to see if there is any heart trouble. We don't wish to waste our time initiating you only to have you die on our hands. We'd rather have you die on somebody else's hands. Our worthy M. D. will now proceed with the examination. (*The Doctor makes candidate remove coat and vest and then goes through a burlesque examination. He listens to his heart, pounds lungs using large mallet, measures waist, looks at tongue, takes temperature with large thermometer which hardly goes in candidate's mouth, etc.*)

DOCTOR. I find him to be as sound as a bullet except for a rather bad spot on his liver.

KEEPER. Now, Mr. Candidate, prepare to meet your doom. What undertaker do you wish if anything should happen?

CANDIDATE. O-o-oh, gentlemen, please go easy. I don't want any undertaker just yet.

KEEPER. A good many people have to have undertakers whether they want them or not.

CANDIDATE. But I'm too young.

KEEPER. Never mind that, the good die young. Have you made your will?

CANDIDATE. N-n-no, sir.

KEEPER. You will now have a chance to make it. Our Worthy Attorney is here.

(The Attorney steps forward with legal cap paper and pen and proceeds to draft a will.)

ATTORNEY. To whom do you wish to bequeath your property?

(The candidate names any persons. The attorney writes rapidly.)

ATTORNEY. All right. Now itemize that property.

(The candidate hesitates.)

KEEPER. Be spry, our time is precious. There are other candidates waiting.

(The candidate may name any ludicrous articles.)

KEEPER. You will now hand over any valuables you may have on your person. *(Candidate hands over a conglomeration of articles.)* Next remove your shoes. *(He does so.)* We will now blindfold you that you may not see all that awaits you and become faint-hearted. *(Candidate is blindfolded.)* We are now ready to proceed with the grand and fearful ceremony. Your first experience will be to walk the "Rocky Road to Dublin."

(The candidate is led into another room and forced to walk over a layer of blocks, bricks, stones, chunks of wood, etc., then over chairs laid on the floor. Two assistants, one on each side, accompany the candidate to prevent him from falling. If for a women's club the chairs need not be used.)

KEEPER. You will now enter the Chamber of the Departed. You will meet the spirits of some of our former members who will tell you of the pleasures and benefits they derived from our Order while they were on earth.

(The candidate is next taken into another room or led to opposite side of the same room. A glove filled with wet sand is thrust into his hand while a person with head in a barrel or cask repeats in a sepulchral voice: "Shake, Brother, I am Henry Jackson, who was a member of this Order while on earth. You will enjoy its comradeship." Someone else thrusts another glove in his hand, or it may be the same glove. He says, "I am Sam Brown. I found it a great benefit when I was sick." Another one says, "I am Peter Wright. I liked it because I could borrow money at any time." Use any names desired and make the voices as sepulchral as possible.)

KEEPER. Come, we will now proceed on our way. The next lap of the journey is rather a ticklish one, but you may be able to pull through if you have good luck. Now this way.

(The Keeper leads him to other side of the room, where others proceed to tickle him in the sides, under arms, etc.)

KEEPER. Now we shall see what kind of a rider you are. *(To assistant.)* Bring in the butter, boys.

OTHERS. Yes, sir.

(They bring in a large rocking horse or barrel with wooden head nailed on the end. The candidate is then placed on this and rocked briskly back and forth, then allowed to get off.)

KEEPER. You are doing fine, Mr. Candidate. By the way, how's your liver standing the racket? Feels bad, does it? *(Pokes or tickles in region of liver. Naturally he squirms.)* Ah, feels bad, doesn't it. I think we'd better have the Doctor examine it again. *(Calls Doctor, who enters.)*

KEEPER. Worthy Doctor, our candidate is suffering from his liver.

DOCTOR. Indeed. Let's see what's the trouble. (*Examines him.*) Just as I feared. He must have an operation at once. Another five minutes might be fatal. Get him on the table at once while I get my tools.

(*Assistants get him on the table or cot while the Doctor gets an icicle. The clothing may be opened to allow for the "operation" which consists of rubbing the icicle against the skin as if making an incision. A pig's liver, procured from the butcher shop, may be held up for him to see as the bandage is removed from his eyes.*)

KEEPER. Worthy Candidate, you are now a full-fledged member of our Order. Welcome, Brother.

(*All shake hands heartily, saying: "Welcome, Brother, welcome."*)

(*Any appropriate song may be sung.*)

Stunts for the Lodge Room

Collecting Dues

GUARD (*addressing presiding officer*). Worthy Master (*or other title*), there is a man out here who hasn't paid his dues for two years. Shall I admit him?

W. M. Who is he? Bring him in.

(*Guard ushers in member.*)

GUARD. Here he is, sir.

W. M. Oh, it's you, is it,? What's the reason you haven't paid your dues for two years?

(*Member gives any reason, as, "My wife takes all my money", "I had to buy a car", etc.*)

GUARD. I happen to know that he collected a bill of ten dollars this morning.

W. M. Use the suction pump on him. We've got to have the money.

GUARD. All right, your exalted highness.

(*A suction pump is brought in, or a large metal tube in which is fitted a rod with a handle on the end. This is used in first one pocket, then another, the Guard pumping vigorously. Finally a ten dollar bill is held up.*)

GUARD. Here it is."

W. M. Give it to the treasurer. There's more than one way to collect dues.

The Bucking Broncho

CHAPLAIN. Worthy Master (*any title*), there is a man in this room tonight who cheated a fellow member in a horse trade this week.

W. M. Who is the member that would do such a thing?"

CHAPLAIN. (*Names any member.*)

W. M. How was it done?

CHAP. He claimed that his horse was as gentle as a lamb and wouldn't kick under any conditions.

W. M. Well?

CHAP. It wasn't so well. That horse turned out to be a mule.

W. M. Enough said. Blindfold him and let him ride the bucking broncho.

(The "bucking broncho" is a barrel with a board nailed to each end. The member is blindfolded and placed straddle of the barrel. Then the guards rock the barrel back and forth vigorously. His efforts to remain seated are ludicrous.)

A Case of Hanging

DOORKEEPER. Your exalted highness, here is a member that lied to his wife this week. He hadn't ought to be allowed in the meeting.

W. M. What lie did he tell her?

GUARD. Told her he was sitting up with a sick brother when in reality he was playing poker with the gang.

MEMBER. But I——

W. M. Never mind. Who was the gang?

DOORKEEPER. (*Names three or four members.*)

W. M. Such a member ought to be hanged. In the interest and protection of our grand and worthy order I instruct you to hang him forthwith.

DOORKEEPER. Very well, your exalted highness.

(They lead off behind a screen. A dummy, dressed in clothing similar to that worn by the member, is lifted and suspended above the screen by a rope fastened through a pulley at the ceiling.)

The Kidnapper

The sound of screaming is heard in an adjoining room or off stage, followed by cries of "Help! Murder! Police! Fire!"

(Enter man, made up as darkey, drawing an express cart in which is seated another man made up as a darkey woman. The latter is bound by small white twine. The woman appears to be struggling to free herself.)

WOMAN. Help! Help! Police! Police!

(Enter burlesque policeman with club.)

POLICEMAN. Here! Here! What's the matter?

WOMAN. Oh, sah, dis man am tryin' to tote me off, sah.

POLICEMAN (to man). What are you doing with this woman?

MAN. Well, sah, I tells yuh. I'se been co'tin' dis gal fo' seben yeahs an' she ain't gib me de answer I wants, so I'se gwine take her down to de preachah's an' hab him marry us whedder she wants to or not.

POLICEMAN. You can't do that. You'll have to come along with me. You're under arrest for kidnapping.

MAN. Who—me? Huh! Say, can't yo' see dat ain't no kid, man? Dat gal am thu'ty-seben yeahs ol'.

POLICEMAN. Can't help it, you're under arrest.

MAN. Dat gal don't know wat good times she's gwine hab when she marries me. I'se gwine get her a nice new fur coat an' a ortermobile an' a hat wif a chicken on it, an'—

WOMAN. Say dat agin, boy. Is yo' gwine get all dem tings fo' me?

MAN. Suah I is, an' a lot mo'.

WOMAN. Why fo' yo' ain't nebber tol' me dat befo'?

MAN. Case yo' ain't nebber axed me.

WOMAN (*to policeman*). Mr. Policeman, yo' go 'long 'bout yo' business an' don't bodder us when we'se on our way to gettin' married. Go 'long, I say, or I'se gwine smash yo' wif a rollin' pin.

POLICEMAN. Well, what d'ye know about that!

WOMAN. Come along, honey bunch. I'se ready to go to de parson's, I is.

MAN. Yo' is? Huh! Say, I'se de happies' man alibe.

WOMAN. 'Ceptin' me.

MAN. Huh! Yo' ain't no man.

WOMAN. Didn't say I was, but I'se happy jes' de same.

ALL.

(*May be sung to tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" if desired.*)

So we'se gwinter sing a song

An' it won't be berry long,

But it's jes' as full ob lub as it can be.

To de preachah's we will go,

But we'se gwinter let yo' know

Dat we'se feeling mighty happy—whooperee!

(*They sing any popular or darkey song and then go off.*)

A Mock Installation

Just preceding this affair the presiding officer of the lodge or club may announce it as follows:

"I wish to inform you at this time that our lodge has given permission to the Tiger Tamers' Club to hold their installation of officers in this hall. They have asked as a favor that we do not adjourn but remain as spectators to their ceremonies. I am sure we will all enjoy it. They are now at the door. Will the doorkeeper please admit them?"

The Tiger Tamers' Club, of course, is composed of members of the lodge.

The Doorkeeper opens the door and the Tiger Tamers enter. They may be dressed up as Jeff, in a kid automobile; Mutt; Barney Google, with a rocking horse having name of "Spark Plug" on the saddle; Jiggs; Mrs. Jiggs; Count of Hoboken; Spivis, and other cartoon characters. They should march about the room, then Mutt takes the presiding officer's chair, which has been temporarily vacated by that person.

MUTT. Fellow members of the Tiger Tamers' Club, it is with deep chagrin and regret that I have to step down and out as president of this noble club. Especially do I hate to surrender this profitable position to such a measly little runt as my successor. I have tried to do you all I can—er—I mean I've tried to do all I can for you while I've been in office. Without any further parley I now introduce to you my measly successor, Little Jeff. *(He steps from chair and the members of the club give three cheers for JEFF, then lift automobile and all and proceed toward president's chair. One of the members shouts, "You can't install the automobile, too. Others reply, "Quite true, quite true." JEFF is seated unceremoniously in the chair and all give three cheers and a tiger for the new president.)*

JEFF. Fellow members of the Tiger Tamers' Club, this is a proud moment of my life. I'm going to do you even more—I mean I'm going to do even more for you than my predecessor could ever do if he were president for a hundred years. To tell you the truth, he's a big stiff, and take it from me, you're well rid of him. I'm now ready to take the oath of office.

(The secretary or other person steps forward holding a book in his hand.)

SEC. Little Jeff, do you swear——

JEFF. No, sir; I don't swear.

SEC. I mean, do you take the oath on this copy of Hoyle that you will perform the duties of your office as well as you know how (which of course isn't saying much)?

JEFF. Yes, sir; I do.

SEC. Put your hand on the book and say it again.

JEFF (*with hand on book*). You bet I do.

SEC. That's all. You're a full-fledged president of the Tiger Tamers' Club.

(The members of the club march about the room singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and cheering him loudly. Finally all resume positions as before.)

JEFF. My first official act will be to ask that you ride my predecessor out on a rail, and be quick about it.

OTHERS. Righto, old chap!

CO. SCHOOLS

MUTT. Aw, have a heart.

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JEFF. Proceed with your duty, fellow members.

(They bring in a rail and go off with MUTT fighting and protesting.)

JEFF. Now let's have the official song of our club. Everybody sing.

(Any popular song may be sung and any other specialties introduced as desired. Finally JEFF announces the finish and all march off in the same order as they entered.)

Lodge Room Follies

This affair is designed for women but might be made very ludicrous if acted by men.

POWDER PUFF CHORUS

The affair opens with any number of ladies singing some popular sentimental song. They may wear low necked dresses with short sleeves. It is called the "Powder and Puff Chorus" for the reason that during the introduction by the piano and during the interludes, the members of the chorus use their vanity boxes very freely, especially the powder puffs and mirrors.

DOLL PARADE

The next number may be the "Doll Parade." Enter three or four ladies dressed as young girls and pushing go-carts in which are seated the dolls. The women representing "dolls" should maintain the stiff attitude and use the mechanical motions suggesting dolls. The ladies march about the lodge room once or twice, occasionally stopping to arrange the dolls.

Finally all stop near or facing the presiding officer's chair. They make various remarks as follows:

"Just see our dolls. Aren't they beautiful?"

"See what lovely pink cheeks and pretty hair."

"Do you notice how they can open and shut their eyes?"

"And do you know, they can even stand alone! Isn't it wonderful!"

"And they can even talk and sing. Listen.

(The "Dolls" say "Ma-ma" mechanically.)

"We made their dresses all by ourselves. Don't you just love them?"

"Don't you think mine looks like (*local name*)?"

(Other remarks ad lib.)

FIRST LADY. We're going to show you how nicely they can stand alone. (*They raise dolls to standing position.*) Now they're going to sing for you. (*The Dolls may sing "I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust," or any other suitable song.*)

SECOND LADY. There, didn't they do splendidly? Now we must take them home and put them to bed.

(All march around stage and off.)

A gossip song, such as "It's Awful How Some Women Talk" would fit in well here.

THE ROLLING PIN BRIGADE

Enter any number of ladies carrying rolling pins. They march around in military style, the leader holding rolling pin aloft. All sing "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Commands are given as, "Forward March", etc. They come to a halt and form in line at some place as in preceding acts.

FIRST LADY. You may like to know why we carry these rolling pins. Well, we'll tell you. (*All sing the following to tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic."*)

We are waiting for our husbands, for they stay out ev'ry
night,

And sometimes they don't reach home until the dawning of
the light,

So we're going to use these weapons and we'll use them
with our might.

Yes, you can bet on that.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Yes, you can bet on that.

FIRST LADY. My husband didn't get home till three o'clock this morning.

SECOND LADY. Neither did mine—said he had to stay with a sick friend.

THIRD LADY. Mine said he had trouble with his car.

FOURTH LADY. Mine had work to do at the office.

FIFTH LADY. Mine didn't say anything but just sneaked in and went to bed.

(*All join in singing chorus as they swing rolling pins.*)

THE PAJAMA CHORUS

Any number of ladies wearing various colored pajamas and carrying candles sing "Good Night, Ladies."

Mock Trials

The Case of Higgins vs. Wiggins

CHARACTERS

JUDGE DUSENBERRY, *on the "bench."*

AZARIAH HIGGINS, *the plaintiff.*

THOMAS GASBAG, *his counsel.*

JOSHUA WIGGINS, *the defendant.*

JOHN B. PUFFER, *his counsel.*

BILL JONES, *witness for plaintiff.*

SAM WHEELER, *witness for defendant.*

CLERK. JURY.

SCENE: A courtroom. The Judge is seated on the "bench"; the jury in the jury box; Attorney Gasbag and Bill Jones on right; Joshua Wiggins, Sam Wheeler and Attorney Puffer at left.

JUDGE (*rapping on desk*). Order in the courtroom. We are ready to proceed with the testimony in the case of Higgins vs. Wiggins before the jury all go to sleep. They look as if they'd been on a bender all night. Is the plaintiff present?

GASBAG. No, sir; your honor. I just got a message that he'd been having a scrap with his mother-in-law. For that reason I wish to ask for an adjournment.

JUDGE. Can't do it. Is the defendant present?

WIGGINS. Bet your life I'm here, Judge.

JUDGE. Be careful how you address me, sir, or I'll fine you for contempt of court.

GASBAG. Sorry, your Honor.

JUDGE. You'd better be. Now go ahead, Mr. Gasbag.

PUFFER. Hold on just a minute! I wish to state that one of the jurors has a bottle in his hip pocket.

JUDGE (*rising excitedly*). Which one?

PUFFER. The one next to the end in the second row.

JUDGE. Is that true, sir?

JUROR. Y-yes, sir.

JUDGE. Then you'd better make way with it. If you'll come with me back of the building I'll show you where.

JUROR. But Judge, I'd rather not. You see, it's some medicine I just got of Dr. for my heart.

JUDGE. Worse yet. I've a notion to fine you anyway for bringing that kind of a bottle—but I guess I won't.

JUROR. Thanks, Judge. Won't you have a spoonful of the medicine?

JUDGE. Be careful or I'll fine you yet.

JUROR (*taking some of medicine*). Um-m! That comes as near to "Old Crow" as anything I ever tasted.

JUDGE. By the way, maybe I will try some of that medicine. My heart's been feeling bad lately.

JUROR (*handing bottle*). Here it is, your Honor.

(*The JUDGE takes a sip, then downs the whole bottle.*)

JUDGE (*handing bottle back and smacking lips*). That was pretty good medicine. Now let's see—where were we at?

GASBAG. We were just starting the case.

JUDGE. So I was. Well, go ahead, old Gasbags—I mean Mr. Gasbag.

(*Enter HIGGINS with bandage over one eye and patches on face.*)

HIGGINS. Present.

JUDGE. What do you mean coming in late?

HIGGINS. Couldn't help it, your Honor, mamma wouldn't let me. We had a little conference and she presented me with these souvenirs (*Pointing to bandages*).

JUDGE. Well, go ahead, Mr. Gasbag, and if there's any more interruption I'll—I'll—well, go ahead, anyway.

GASBAG. Gentlemen of the jury:—My client has had the sad misfortune to lose his pants. The worst part of it is that they were the only pair he had. They were stolen by someone and we shall prove that the defendant is the one who did the job. Just imagine it, gentlemen! Suppose, for instance—each one of you—that the pants you now have on were your only pair and someone should appropriate them. My client is suing for \$25, but it ought to be \$250. He wants \$3 for the pants, \$2 for the time lost trying to borrow some, and \$20 for the humiliation and embarrassment. My client will now take the stand.

HIGGINS. Your Honor, them was the only pants I had to my name. I just gave my old ones to the rummage sale folks day before yesterday and took my best ones for everyday. They was jest as good as new, even if I had been wearin' 'em to church and special occasions for goin' on five years. Well, yesterday mornin', not havin' anything else to do, I thought I'd go down to the creek and take a bath. I left my pants on the bank and while I was bathin' that hyena sneaked up and stole 'em. I had to go 'round in a barrel for two hours 'fore I could borrow another pair. How would you like to go 'round in a barrel without any pants?

JUDGE. Is that all?

HIGGINS. That's all, 'cept that I want my pants or the money.

JUDGE. Any other witnesses for the plaintiff?

GASBAG. Yes, your Honor, we have one more—Mr. William Jones.

JUDGE. Well, hurry up. I've got a game of golf waiting soon's I get through here.

(BILL JONES *takes stand.*)

JUDGE. What's your name?

JONES. Bill Jones.

JUDGE. What do you know about the case?

JONES. Well, your Honor; he came to my house yesterday noon with nothin' on but a shirt, a pair of shoes an' a barrel. He! he! he! he! My women folks didn't know what to make of it. He! he! he! he!

JUDGE. Well, go on.

JONES. Yes, sir; an' so I lent him an old pair of mine. He told me jest what he told you. That's all I know 'bout it.

GASBAG. That's all the testimony on our side.

PUFFER. Your Honor, one of the jurors is asleep.

JUDGE. That won't matter much. Howsomever, the clerk might give him a stiff punch. We'll now listen to the testimony of the defense.

PUFFER. Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury: We shall prove to your satisfaction that the plaintiff has no claim whatever on my client. We aren't going to pay him a cent and maybe we'll try to collect some ourselves. Mr. Wiggins will tell you about it. (*WIGGINS takes stand.*)

WIGGINS. Your Honor, I'll tell you all about it.

JUDGE. Well, make it snappy. Remember, I've got a golf game waiting.

WIGGINS. Yes, sir. To begin with, they wasn't his pants at all.

HIGGINS. They wasn't hey?

WIGGINS. No, sir; they wasn't. They was a part of a suit I bought seven years ago, your Honor, an' old smutty face here borrowed 'em to go to a weddin'. That was five years ago, an' the last I seen of 'em. He borrowed 'em of my wife.

GASBAG. Of your wife?

WIGGINS. Yes, one day when I wasn't home. He came over an' asked her if she'd lend him a pair as he wanted to go to his wife's sister's weddin'.

JUDGE. He wanted to borrow a pair of your wife's?

WIGGINS. Well, not exactly, though I s'pose she has a half interest in 'em, bein' she's my wife; an' a wife owns half of the husband's property. Anyway, she let him take 'em, an' he ain't never brought 'em back yet. (*Pause.*)

JUDGE. Yes, go on.

WIGGINS. So when I was goin' by the creek an' saw 'em lyin' there on the bank, says I to myself, "Now's my chance to get my property back," so I took 'em along. I reckon as how he owes me rent on 'em for five years' wear of 'em.

JUDGE. Any more witnesses?

PUFFER. Yes, your Honor; one more.

JUDGE. Bring him along, then.

(SAM WHEELER *takes stand.*)

JUDGE. Name.

WHEELER. Sam Wheeler.

JUDGE. What do you know about this case?

WHEELER. All I know is that I sold Mr. Higgins the suit of clothes seven years ago next January. I remember it because it was one of the gol durned homliest suits I ever had in my store.

JUDGE. Are you sure this is the man that bought them?
(*Points to HIGGINS.*)

WHEELER. If it ain't it's his ghost or his twin brother.

JUDGE. And how long ago was that?

WHEELER. Seven years, your Honor. He must have worn 'em two years.

JUDGE. Gosh! Oh, I beg pardon. You must excuse my undignified expression, but I reckon the occasion war-

rants it. If there's no more testimony we're ready for the summing up, and please be mighty quick about it.

GASBAG. I haven't very much to say in summing up. My client bears as good a reputation in this neighborhood as the defendant. He wouldn't do injury to anyone. He says he didn't borrow 'em. If anyone did it must have been his wife. Now I leave it to you, gentlemen of the jury, if it was a fair shake to take the pants just as he did, so that my client had to resort to a barrel to protect himself against the operation of the law. That's all. (*Sits down.*)

JUDGE. Now let's hear from the defense.

PUFFER. I don't think anything more needs to be said. My client had a right to seize his property wherever he happened to find it. I leave it in your hands.

JUDGE (*to jury*). Well, gentlemen, you've heard the testimony on both sides. They've both made the matter very plain. Now I haven't got time for any further instructions, only bring in some kind of a verdict quicker'n scat.

(*The jury leaves room.*)

HIGGINS. Oh, say, Judge!

JUDGE. Well, what now?

HIGGINS. I forgot to say that my wallet was in the pocket of them pants.

JUDGE. Too late now.

HIGGINS. But, your Honor, it contained the ten dollars I was goin' to pay you for them potatoes I bought last fall.

JUDGE. Well, well, that's different. We'll see about it.

(*Enter JURY.*)

JUDGE. Have you come to a decision?

FOREMAN. We have.

JUDGE. Let's have it.

FOREMAN. Well, your Honor, we find the defendant not guilty.

JUDGE. But hold on! I am informed there was ten dollars in the pocket of the pants.

FOREMAN. We discussed that possibility, your Honor, and decided the contents of the pockets wouldn't more'n pay for the use of the pants for five years.

JUDGE. Hang it all, that's a fine verdict. I've a mind to send you all up for ten days. That ten dollars was mine.

FOREMAN. Sorry, old man, but the verdict has been given. Ta, ta!

JUDGE. Court's adjourned and everybody get out or I'll miss that golf game. (*All exeunt.*)

The Great Pajama Case

A mock trial for girls or women.

The girls are discovered standing about discussing the case in a very excited manner. The JUDGE takes his place on the "bench" and raps for order.

JUDGE (*rapping*). Order in the court! I say, "Order!" (*Girls continue to talk, not hearing her.*) Aren't you folks ever coming to order? (*Yells.*) Order!

MADGE BROWN. Hark, girls, the Judge is trying to say something.

JUDGE. "Trying to say something" is right. This court is about to begin. Everybody get a seat.

(Girls take seats about the room.)

DORIS PIMM. Well, I just know she stole 'em. So!

JENNIE OLSON. I know she didn't.

DORIS. How do you know?

JENNIE. Because I do.

JUDGE. Girls! Ladies! You must come to order or I'll have you all put in the hoosgow.

OTHERS. Ha! ha! ha!

MADGE. Well, dō let's keep still, ladies, so that the law may take its course.

ALL. All right, go ahead.

JUDGE. The next case is that of Pimm vs. Scrimm, the charge being the theft of a pair of pajamas. Are the parties concerned all present?

ELLA GREEN. As attorney for the plaintiff I will say that our outfit is all here.

DORIS. You bet we are. We're here with bells on.

NORA MCCARTHY. My client is in the other room. She didn't dare to come in where some of those wild cats are.

ELLA. Wild cats? You dare call us wild cats?

JUDGE. Order! Order! Clerk, call in the defendant and the jury.

DORIS. I'll bet she's been setting the jury up.

(Enter clerk with defendant and jurors. The defendant takes seat near her lawyer. The jurors take places arranged for them.)

JUDGE. Have the jurors been sworn?

CLERK. Not yet, your Honor.

FIRST JUROR. And what's more, we aren't going to swear. We belong to the church.

JUDGE. Oh, fudge! I mean have you taken the oath—that is——

SECOND JUROR. What's an oath but swearing?

JUDGE. I mean, have you vowed on Daniel Webster's dictionary that you will render your decision according to the testimony given?

FIRST JUROR. No, ma'am; we haven't.

JUDGE. Well, will you do it now?

SECOND JUROR. We will if the testimony is satisfactory.

JUDGE. We will now proceed with the case. The plaintiff may set the ball to rolling.

ELLA. Who's got a ball?

JUDGE. I mean you may begin.

ELLA. Oh! (*Rises.*) Your Honor, and gentlemen of—I mean, ladies of the jury, it won't take us long to prove that the bold-faced defendant over there——

NORA. Judge, are you going to allow that?

JUDGE. Not if the Court knows itself. Attorney for the plaintiff, you'll have to cut that stuff out.

ELLA. All right. As I said before I was squelched, it won't take us long to prove that the defendant was the thief.

NORA. Go a little bit careful there.

ELLA. I won't stand being interrupted like this.

NORA. Why not sit down, then?

ELLA. Thank you, I guess I will. (*Sits down.*)

JUDGE. How about the counsel for the defense? Do you wish to say anything?

NORA (*rising*). I should say I do. I want to say that it's an outrage to even think that my client would stoop to do such a base and underhanded thing as to steal a pair of pajamas. Think of it—a good, respectable pair of pajamas—I mean a good and respectable girl stealing a pair of pajamas! Why, it's ridiculous, impudent, outrageous, despicable, unneighborly, incomprehensible, un—er—er—— (*looks hastily in dictionary*).

ELLA. I should think she'd have to refer to the dictionary.

NORA. Ah, here it is—unmitigated.

ELLA. I kind of think you're getting off the track, aren't you?

NORA. Well, if I am it's my business. Anyway, the jury aren't likely to stick up for you.

JUDGE (*rapping*). Here, here! Order in the court room!

NORA. If I've got to be interrupted all the time I'm going to sit down.

JUDGE. Counsel for the plaintiff may call the first witness.

ELLA. Miss—Madge Brown. (*Madge takes stand. She may be sworn by clerk.*) Miss Brown, are you acquainted with the plaintiff?

MADGE. I sure am.

ELLA. How well acquainted?

MADGE. We sleep together.

JUDGE. And do you know anything about the pajamas that were stolen?

MADGE. I sure do! Doris and I were talking about them and saying how pretty they were and all that, and then we went out to get a hot dog, and when we came back there weren't any pajamas. They had vanished, vamoosed, skidooed, evaporated, eloped—

ELLA. Well, do go on.

MADGE. Yes 'um, but that's all. Somebody had stolen them and it's my opinion the defendant was the guilty party. (*Takes her seat.*)

ELLA. My client will now take the stand.

(*DORIS takes stand and is sworn.*)

ELLA. Miss Pimm, what size were your pajamas?

DORIS. Oh, mercy, must I tell the size?

ELLA. Certainly.

DORIS. Well, then, they were size 28.

ELLA. And color?

DORIS. Pink, with a blue ribbon around the bottom of the legs, and my name was crocheted on the right leg.

ELLA. When did you last see them?

DORIS. At twenty-seven minutes to nine on last Thursday evening.

ELLA. Did you see the defendant take them?

DORIS. No, but I know she did.

NORA. I object to such testimony.

JUDGE. So do I.

ELLA. That's all on our side.

JUDGE. Counsel for the defense may call the witnesses for that side.

NORA. First is Jennie Olson.

(JENNIE takes place on the witness stand.)

NORA. Do you know the defendant?

JENNIE. I'll say I do.

NORA. How long have you known her?

JENNIE. "Since we were a couple of kids."

NORA. I suspect that was in the "dear old golden rule days"?

JENNIE. You're right again.

NORA. Do you know the plaintiff?

JENNIE. All I want to.

NORA. Did you ever see the aforesaid pajamas?

JENNIE. I should say not.

NORA. You never saw the defendant have them?

JENNIE. I said I never saw 'em at all.

NORA. That will do. You're excused. Next will be the defendant herself.

(MAUD SCRIMM *takes place on stand.*)

MAUD. Oh, dear, I'm so nervous. (*Pulls dress down every little while.*)

NORA. Miss Scrimm, what do you know about these pajamas?

MAUD. I—er—that is—I don't know much—that is, I don't know anything.

MADGE. I always thought she didn't know anything.

MAUD. I guess I know as much as you.

JUDGE. Tut, tut, ladies! Order in the court!

NORA. Were you in the plaintiff's room at all on Thursday night?

MAUD. I—er—yes, ma'am.

NORA. You were?

MAUD. Yes, ma'am; I went in to get my algebra that she borrowed.

NORA. And did you see the plaintiff?

MAUD. No, ma'am.

NORA. Did you see the pajamas?

MAUD. I—er—that is—I guess not. Oh, dear! I'm so nervous!

NORA. That will do. You're pardoned—I mean excused.

(MAUD *steps from witness stand and in doing so she trips and thus reveals the pajamas under her skirt.*)

DORIS (*jumping up quickly*). Oh, Judge, there they are now. She's got 'em on! I saw 'em with my own eyes.

JUDGE. I thought I got a glimpse of something pink. Young lady, lift your skirt a little.

MAUD. Oh, dear! I'm so nervous. Must I?

JUDGE. Yes, or go to jail.

MAUD. All right, I'll do it. (*Lifts skirt.*)

DORIS. See! There's my name on 'em.

JUDGE. Can the jurors see?

JURORS. Yes, yes!

JUDGE. Has the counsel for the plaintiff anything more to say?

ELLA. There's nothing I can say now.

JUDGE. Then I'll turn the case over to the jury at once.

FIRST JUROR. We've already come to a decision.

JUDGE. Let's have it.

JUROR. We find her guilty and still in possession of the booty.

DORIS. Pajamas, not booties.

JUROR. I beg pardon, but——

JUDGE. Now that it's decided, the only thing left is the pronouncement of sentence on the guilty party.

MAUD. Oh, don't do it, your Honor; please don't.

JUDGE. I—ah—um, since this is the first offense I am inclined to be a little lenient.

DEFENDANTS. Thank you, Judge.

PLAINTIFFS. Don't do it, Judge.

JUDGE. I hereby order you to return the pajamas to the rightful owner and sentence you to sing a song for this congregation—I mean these spectators.

JENNIE. And I'll help her. (*They sing "School Days" or any other good song.*)

JUDGE. This court is now adjourned.

Mock Weddings

The Schwartz-Olson Wedding

By EVA HENDERSON DAVEY

When you are seeking a novel form of entertainment try staging a "Mock Wedding."

No other program put on by our Community Meeting during the past winter aroused so much enthusiasm as did the Schwartz-Olson wedding which was "solemnized" in the presence of a packed house.

The affair was kept as secret as possible, only members of the immediate families of the principals who had reached years of discretion being allowed to know who the members of the wedding party were and the part played by each.

Conjectures were many. Some people even understood it was to be a real wedding and speculation as to who the contracting parties were included about every marriageable person in the community. The printed announcement which appeared in the local paper only added to the mystery by stating that the couple wished not to have their names made public until the night of the wedding.

When the wedding night arrived an expectant crowd gathered early to await the entrance of the bridal party, who entered from the rear and marched up the center aisle to the strains of the wedding march.

The eager curiosity gave way to laughter and applause as members of the wedding party were recognized, though so well was the bride disguised by the liberal use of rouge and lipstick that some of her near neighbors failed to place her. The entire party was composed of men. The bridegroom, Heinie Schwartz, a tall, dark, bewhiskered German wearing a flat derby hat, short gray coat and very tight black trousers, also a flaming red tie, marched beside his short, fair, Swedish bride, Huldah Olson, who wore a full gown of soft yellow clinging material that reached exactly to her knees and showed below the fancy jazz garters of

blue and yellow supporting white silk stockings. Her shoes were white and she wore a black picture hat bedecked with a huge ribbon bow and streamers and a ruffle of wide cream-colored lace that drooped over her face and completely encircled the hat brim. Her bouquet was of red roses.

Behind the bridegroom and the bride marched the groomsmen and the bridesmaid. The groomsmen were very short and his shortness was emphasized by a low, flat derby hat, loose fitting coat and wide trousers. Also the very tall bridesmaid was crowned—or rather topped—by a tall hat ornamented with a stiff sentinel-like bouquet of flowers in many colors standing straight up in front. The bridesmaid's gown was gray and she wore an immense bow of pink ribbon at her throat. Long earrings and bright-colored jazz garters were parts of her costume, but she had not learned of the fashion that has put petticoats into the discard, for more than one colored edge swung below her short dress as she walked.

The whole party were evidently quite unused to social customs. The men failed even to remove their hats until the clergyman, a very dignified gentleman in clerical black, whispered to the bridegroom a suggestion that that would be the proper thing to do.

That it was the first matrimonial venture attempted by either was evidenced by the difficulty both bride and groom found with the responses; the minister having repeatedly to explain the meaning of some of the questions. When asked if he would "take this woman, Huldah Olson, for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health", etc., the bridegroom shifted his gaze from the minister's face to the buxom bride and back several times before he made up his mind that it was all right. Then he responded "Sure!" to the great amusement of the audience. The bride was not at all disconcerted. In answer to the question as to whether she would take "this man, Heinie Schwartz", she simpered, "Oh, yes!" in the satisfied manner of one who had been waiting for the question.

The ring caused some delay as the groom thought he had given it to the groomsmen, who denied having it; but

it was finally discovered in the bottom of the groom's pocket when he had removed his red bandana handkerchief, his tin of tobacco, and various other articles.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the minister suggested that the happy pair kiss each other and they sprang into an embrace that had every appearance of being as genuine as it was ardent.

A Manless Wedding

Preceding this is a womanless wedding for the men, so here is a manless wedding for the ladies. The characters are as follows:

SARY JANE LITTLE, the bride, should be a rather large woman, stuffed to appear even larger. She wears old style clothing of a burlesque nature. She should appear bold and masculine.

JOHN BIGGER, the groom, should be a very small woman dressed in men's clothes. Should appear very meek and dudish.

SARY JANE'S MOTHER, a large, muscular woman.

MINISTER, BRIDESMAID, BEST MAN, FLOWER GIRLS, etc.

The Minister may be dressed either as a woman preacher or as a man. She enters with a very large book,—as a dictionary.

The "Wedding March" is played and the procession enters. The Bride and Groom precede and are followed by Flower Girls, Bridesmaid, Best Man, etc. They march about the stage or floor, then take places before the Minister.

The following ceremony may be used:

MINISTER. Young man, do you agree to accept this young lady as your affinity and to provide her with face powder, chewing gum, ice cream, lollipops and soda water all the days of her life?

JOHN. Y-Yes, sir; if I can get credit at the store.

MINISTER. And do you promise to buy her a new model tin lizzie every year or two?

JOHN. Y-yes, sir; if I can get a mortgage on the house.

MINISTER. Young woman, do you agree to accept this young man as your helpmate, and do you promise to cook him three square meals a day until he gets so old that he can't eat any more?

SARY. Y-yes, sir; I'll do the best I can when I'm not out riding in my car, and if he don't grumble about the cooking.

MINISTER. Oh, yes; that's one thing I forgot. Young man, do you promise not to find fault with the food?

JOHN. Y-yes, sir; if my teeth can stand the racket.

MINISTER. Well, I think I'd better pronounce you unduly wed before we go any farther. There's no telling what this all may lead to. Oh, by the way, who's going to give away the young lady?

MOTHER. I am, and since I'm going to be his mother-in-law I'll see that he antes up all right.

MINISTER. Ladies and gentlemen, the crime is committed—I mean the deed is done. Your sympathy is now in order. Here's mine. (*Shakes hands.*)

After handshakings the procession leaves the room in the same order in which it entered.

Sunflowers, cabbages or other vegetables may be used for flowers.

Any of the usual wedding songs or burlesques on them may be used to lengthen the program.

Safety First Shadowgraphs

By EMMA GARY WALLACE

Shadowgraphs are easy to prepare and interesting to witness. A white screen in the form of a tautly stretched sheet will serve for a background. Experiment to discover where the light may be placed to best advantage to get the most striking effects; also to bring the players into clear relief. All the rest of the room should be dark.

Rehearse beforehand so that any accompanying noises may be exactly timed to fit the picture shown.

The Fate of a Jay-Walker

Strong men carry in the victim on a stretcher. Enter the doctor, who unbuttons the victim's vest, listens to his heart action, and shakes his head. Next the doctor takes from his case a mammoth hypodermic needle and gives a subcutaneous injection to quiet the apparent distress of the sufferer. A pointed pencil thrust through the bottom of a round pasteboard box will give the necessary effect.

The doctor then proceeds to slit the victim's trouser leg and is apparently shocked at the condition of the leg thus disclosed. He swabs the leg with a large sponge, managing to soak up some red ink and water without the audience knowing it. He squeezes the liquid from the sponge into a white enamel basin several times. Then he takes a large pair of tweezers or pincers and removes what appears to be big splinters of bone. Next he takes out of his kit a curved metal plate which he holds up to the light. It has several holes in it. Then he selects some bright brass screws and takes out a screwdriver.

Inside of the trouser leg is secreted a piece of wood, and one edge of the metal plate is laid on this wood. Then the doctor takes a hammer, hammers lustily to start the screw, and drives the brass screw with the screwdriver home, stopping to wipe the perspiration off his brow several times.

Next he takes out a stout twine and a large darning needle, and appears to be sewing up a long and terrible wound. Lastly he swathes the leg in bandages and lays a couple of crutches on the stretcher, and waves the attendants away, who depart carrying the victim with them.

The Girl Who Told the Man to Step On It

A girl is carried in on a stretcher: Attendants hold arms and legs. The doctor removes fragments of windshield from her face. Jagged pieces of pasteboard have been lightly fastened with a little library paste to her face previously.

The doctor picks up a section of nose—made of putty, which has been lying unnoticed on the stretcher. He holds this up to the light and works it into place. If the nose is a little too long it will be all right.

He sews up several cuts, and then as an after-thought, picks up a large marble from the stretcher. He examines the girl, looks at the marble, appears to fit it into the eye socket, and after swabbing out the socket with a string dish mop dipped into a bright tin pail, he fastens a large patch of adhesive over the eye. Lastly he uses a whisk broom on the girl's costume and she is carried off the scene.

The Man Who Tried to Beat the Express Train

A large basket or hamper is placed on a table. Two men in trainmen's uniform bring different portions of a dismembered individual and place the pieces in the basket. A head can be shaped by using a mask, some false hair, and a big ball of cotton inside of a cloth case. The features of the mask should be unmistakable and not too ruddy. A little talcum powder will whiten out cheeks which are too pink.

A limp coat with one stuffed sleeve end in a stuffed cuff will represent one arm. The other may be represented by a stuffed glove and a stuffed underwear sleeve. Stores

which exhibit hosiery often have limbs and feet upon which the hosiery are drawn. One or two of these may be borrowed. Or shoes in themselves will be effective. An armless shirt, limply stuffed, and a set of B. V. D's will complete the "personal" collection. To this should be added the victim's watch, chain, wallet, eyeglasses, torn necktie, and ragged collar.

The trainmen remove their hats, shake their heads, gaze at the remains and depart, for the whistling of an express train sounds in the distance. Lastly, a man who is unmistakably an undertaker comes in, hangs a wreath of artificial flowers on the handle of the basket and carries it away.

The Man Who Mixed Alcohol and Gasoline

The doctor inspects his patient, at the same time shaking his head. He finds it necessary to amputate a leg or two. Attendants administer the ether. The doctor rubs his hands together, rolls up his sleeves, puts on a surgeon's operating uniform, and goes to work. The sound of sawing is heard. It comes from an accomplice who is under the table, and who is sawing lustily on a board or piece of wood. As the operation is concluded, an officer of the law arrives and delivers a legal-looking document plainly marked "Prison Sentence."

The Man Who Left the Engine Running in the Garage

This should be a demonstration of the Prone Method of Resuscitation, and that this may have a very real value, a Boy Scout leader, or a physician, or Red Cross worker should be asked to instruct the actors in the exact movements of the method. Those watching will learn a lesson which may be of use sooner than they expect.

The Fate of the Woman Who Lighted a Match While Dry Cleaning

A shallow basin is borne in upon a tray. The basin contains a smouldering substance which throws out a few wisps of smoke.

The Personal Liberty Fan

A man is lying on a cot bed. Figures cut from a cardboard and supported by threads and slender elastic cords, are manipulated by a person out of sight. The person out of sight may be on a step-ladder behind a curtain. These cardboard figures, properly colored, are of strange and fearsome beasts such as were never on land or sea. Then there are a few toy snakes, a large tarantula and several goblin faces.

Sitting near by are several ragged, frightened, puny-looking children, and a wretched, hollow-chested woman. Woman and children may be made up with talcum and a little burnt cork.

The idea is to show that not only the fan himself, but others must suffer if he claims more "liberty" than he is entitled to.

A number of other similar ideas could easily be worked up, such as "Didn't Know It Was Loaded", "The Chap Who Rocked the Boat", "Where a Lot of Dollars Went." The latter might be a series of posters or bulletins giving facts as to fire losses, deaths and maimings due to careless and preventable fires and needless fire hazards.

Industrial concerns all over the country are thinking it well worth their while to have safety engineers at work among their employees and properties, and people are realizing everywhere that Safety First is a community obligation.

So any group of young people might well feel they were aiding in such good work when they do their part in the way of needed public education via the semi-recreational route, and besides, those who take part will never be likely to forget.

Surely fun and frolic which is out of the ordinary is certain to please, and to constitute a happy memory for many a long day, and so proves well worth while and amply repays the little extra trouble it costs.

A Radio Program

By ANNA THAYER MONTGOMERY

Someone should announce that the next number will be a special program from the radio.

A horn of any kind may be set in full view of audience and the person who is to do the announcing concealed behind a curtain or screen near the horn.

(Gr—r—r—r—rk, noise of static.)

This is Station F-U-N broadcasting a special (*state here any kind of name suitable, such as Hallowe'en, anniversary, Christmas or the like*) program from our studio at..... (*name some very small town near you, also the state*).

Mrs..... (*mention some prominent woman*) will sing as a first number "Take Back Your Heart, I Ordered Liver and Onions." (*Noise of terrible static.*)

You have just listened to Mrs..... singing from Station F-U-N,..... (*name of town*),..... (*name of state*).

Just received a telegram from Mrs. Deceit asking why Mrs..... marcel her hair always on Friday. Well, well, now, so she will look pretty on her week-end, I suppose.

"I do declare, Mrs.....," said Mr..... (*her husband*) the other morning, "these bircuits are flat as pancakes." "I know it," rejoined Mrs....., "but you see they squatted to raise, then baked on the squat."

"My husband's train was mentioned in the Bible," bragged Mrs..... (*mention some railroad man's wife*) to her neighbor the other day; "the Bible plainly states that God made all creeping things first."

Ladies and gentlemen, we are putting on a little advertising scheme for..... (*mention some local washing*)

machine company), who handle the great. washing machine." They say, "Don't tear your clothes to pieces on the washboard, let our machine do it for you."

"Is that some of your relatives?" asked Mr. of his wife as he pointed to a mule standing by the side of the road. "Yes—by marriage," Mrs. replied with a chuckle.

Miss— or Mrs. will next broadcast an original poem from Station F-U-N, ,

Oh, I'd like to be a flapper,
And with the flappers stand,
A millionaire for a husband,
A check book in my hand.

A limousine to ride in,
Admirers by the horde;
But I s'pose I'll be a poor man's wife
And ride in a measly Ford.

Just a moment, please; more telegrams coming in. Here's one from Miss. : "Can you tell me what a cake-eater is?" Why, sure, Miss. , I'll be glad to answer that question for you. A cake-eater is any young man who is no good at figures unless they are feminine gender.

You know, Mr. (*some prominent local business man*) says his wife is a bungalow girl; she's shingled on top, painted on the sides and has no attic.

More telegrams—here's one from. (*mention some prominent man who has a stout wife*): "Program coming in fine but have you seen my wife? I want her to come home and cook me something to eat. You can tell her from anyone else because she has a limousine body, a heavy tread and is usually running in low." All right, Mr. , we'll send her right home.

After broadcasting our sale of popular music over the radio the other day I received this telegram from Miss (*mention some local singer*): "Have you 'Kissed Me by Moonlight'?" Desire to say in answer to this

young lady that it must have been the other announcer, for I have only been here about a week.

Mrs. (*some local mother*) was helping her small son with his language the other night. "Now make a sentence using the word *diadem*, son." The son studied hard for a moment, then: "Oh, I have it, Mom. 'You don't have to observe the traffic rules if you don't want to, but you'll diadem sight sooner if you don't.'"

Mr. (*some local choir director*) will next broadcast a beautiful old church hymn. To those who are listening in, I desire to say Mr. is a capable choir director of the Church. (*Voice singing.*)

"I'll take a Pil—— (*Noise of static.*)

Yes, I'll take a Pil—— (*More static.*)

Oh I'll take a Pil——grim home."

Just a moment—another telegram. Mr. wants to know who the cheapest guy in the world is? Well, Mr., I am not sure, but I think it was the fellow who walked into Woolworth's and asked for the overcoat department.

The last number on your program will be a bedtime story told by (*some local party*) and entitled, "Poor Fido":

"Mr. Brown owned a little dog named Fido. Now Fido was very bad about wanting to follow Mr. Brown when he started out to the office every morning. One morning Mr. Brown threw a rock at the little dog and killed him dead. In trying to dispose of Fido's body he happened to think of a neighbor he disliked very much, so he thought it would be a good joke to skin the dog and give it to this neighbor as a possum. He did so, and the neighbor thanked him very kindly for his gift. But after Mr. Brown had gone away to the office chuckling to himself at his joke, the neighbor and his wife decided to go out of town for a few days. So not wishing the possum to go to waste, they carried it down the street to old Aunt Chloe, a colored mammy who did not have things any too easy in this world. That evening as Mr. Brown returned home he passed Aunt Chloe's and she invited him in to eat possum and sweet taters with her.

Knowing that Aunt Chloe had a reputation as a very fine cook, Mr. Brown stopped for supper. After he had gorged and gorged himself on possum and gravy and sweet taters until he could gorge no more, he asked, 'Aunt Chloe, where did you get such a nice fat possum?' "Why, Lawd bless yoh heart, honey,' she chuckled, 'Yuah naboh gwine leave town today so he fetched dis yer possum down tuh me dis mawnin.' Mr. Brown rose weakly from his chair, staggered out the kitchen door and leaned helplessly against the house. 'Fido,' he muttered, 'Fido, I have called you many times, but this is one time you are going to come without calling.'"

This concludes the program from Station F-U-N, (*town*), (*state*), until tomorrow evening (*or afternoon*). Station F-U-N.....(*town*), (*state*) now signing off at exactly..... (*exact time*).

Good afternoon (*or night*).

Sermons and Readings

Da Monkey

By ALLEN GRANT EVANS

(To be given with the aid of a monkey mitt.)

"See-a da monkey! He nice leetle monkey. He get-a da pennies for me. He work-a for me. I have good time—do nodding but play-a da organ. Da monkey he do-a da rest. Odder men must get-a da job. Me! I need-a no job. Na, I got-a da monkey.

"I walka-da street. I stop and turn-a da crank. Da monk hold-a hees hat. Da people throw-a da mon. Da monk catch-a da mon. I take-a da mon. Get-a da pocket-ful. Much mon! Much good leetle monk! So!

"One day da monk get away. O-o-oh! He climb-a da porch! Into da house! I call-a heem! I jump! I shout! I make-a da beeg noise! Pooh! I am like-a da wind! I am nodding! Nodding! Oh, la, la! Da monkey! He take-a hees time!

"I look about. What to do? I t'eenk to call-a da fire depart! I t'eenk to call-a da poleece! I t'eenk to call-a da army! I t'eenk to call-a da navy! What to do? What to do? I tear-a da hair! I pray-a to heaven!

"Ah-h-h! Da monk! Now! He ees come out! He ees climb down! In hees hand! Oh-h-h! A string 'of pearls!

"I catch-a heem. I take-a da pearls. I ring-a da door-bell. I say, 'Da bad monkey! He run away. He play-a do second story! He play-a da burglar! I sorrow! So! Here ees da pearls!'

"Da lady! Oh! She all-a excite! She say, 'Da pearls! Da monkey! Da robber! Da pearls! Stole! But! Praise-a to heaven! You ees honest!'

"Ah-h-h! So she say! And she open da pocket book. Five-a dollar! Such ease-a money! My eye ees beeg, like-a da plate! I am full-a da happiness!

"Ah, da monkey! Da smart leetle monk! I say to maself, 'He must run away some more. I must teach-a heem. I must train-a heem. He must steal-a some more. Again I must get-a da reward.'

"Ah! So! I see maself rich. I see maself a Rockafella! I see maself a Henry da Ford!

"So! We go to anodder house. Again I let go-a da string. Again da monkey escape. Dees time! A ring he bring-a me. A diamond! Beauteeful!

"I take-a da ring. I go to da door. I try to make-a same leetle speech. I try to get-a same much money. But! Now! Surp-rise! I am suspect! Da poleece come! I am arrest!

"Ah-h-h! I shake-a like da leaf. I am all-a tremble. What will it be? Da prison? Da hangman?

"But no! Da proof! He ees not! So I am release. But da offeecer say-a to me, 'Next time! Well! Be careful! Next time you get-a eet in da neck!'

"Ah-h-h! I no like-a such talk! So! I geeve up da gr-reat ambeesh. I geeve up da beeg idea. Now! I hold tight to da string. Da monkey no escape. I play-a da organ. Da monkey pass-a da hat. We takes-a da small coin. So! Eet ees enough.

"And we no complain. Such ease-a life! Me and da monk! Da leetle monk! Da smart leetle monk! Ah-h-h! See! He catch-a da fly.

"Oh-h-h! Now! Look! He scratch-a da flea. Hey, monkey! Don't treat dot flea so mean or he'll leave-a you and jump on me!

"Ah, da leetle monk! Da fine leetle monk! So! Now! See! He like-a you. He throw-a da kees."

"Dose High School Kids!"

By ALLEN GRANT EVANS

"Ja ja! Bisniss iss goot! Bisniss iss goot! Dis delicatessen! It brings in der money! Ja, ja! Und v'y not? V'y not? V'y shouldn't it? V'y shouldn't it? I ha'f goot victuals, already. Ja, ja! Fine sausage, fine bickles, fine doughnuts, fine limburger, fine herring, fine everyt'ing! Ja, ja! Fine everyt'ing! High briced food for der low brice. Dot's Heinie's blace! Ja, ja!

"So der beople come und buy. Der housevives come. Dey know my victuals iss as goot as any dey can cook demselves, already. So dey come to Heinie's blace. Den der vorkman stop in for somet'ing for his noonday lunch. Ja, ja! For he knows vot I ha'f iss like der homecooking, just der same. So he comes to Heinie's blace. Ja, ja! But most of all, der kids from der High School—near here—dey come. Dey come to Heinie's blace. Ja, ja!

"Und dose kids! Dey buy. Ja, ja! Dey buy. But such a pest! Such a pest, already! Tricks by der bagful! Jokes by der barrel! Dey make my hair turn grey! Dey make me bald! Dey make me my mind lose! Dey run me crazy! I get meinself put in der bughouse soon, already, maybe.

"Und now I tell you somet'ing! Just to show! It's like dis. Vun day a poy comes in und vants a dill bickle.

"I hand him vun und he puts it in his mout'.

"I say, 'Vere iss der money?'

"Und he say, 'Vot? Money? I t'ought you gif me a bresent.'

"Und I say, 'Stop your foolishness und shell me a nickel out.'

"Und he say, 'If it's money you vant, I haf'n't any. So take your old bickle back again.'

"Und I say, 'Take it back! Vot you mean? You put it in your mout', already!"

"Und he say, 'No, I didn't put it in my mout', already. I just gif it a little kiss.'

"Vell, I grab hold of him den und I say, 'You vill keep der bickle und gif me a nickel.'

"Und he say, 'All right, Heinie. I'll keep der bickle und pay you next Saturday. Dere's a football game den. Of course, I'm bettin' on my own team. Und, as ve are sure to vin, I'll pay you after der game.'

"Und I say, 'You pay me now!'"

"Und he say, 'Vell, tomorrow's Tuesday, I'll pay you tomorrow.'"

"Und I say, 'Vot's your name?'"

"Und he say, 'Ignatz Schnitzelbaum.'

"Und den he goes avay mit der bickle but next day he don't come mit der nickel.

"So I goes over to dot High School und ask to see Ignatz Schnitzelbaum. But der brincipal say dere ain't no Ignatz Schnitzelbaum.

"Und den I know dot dot poy lied to me about his name. Und I know dot he iss a sneak und a robber und a burglar und a no-account! Dot poy ha'f cheated me! Und it makes me feel blue to t'ink dot a High School poy could be so yellow!"

"But on Vednesday who should come in but dot same kid! Ja, ja! Und he ha'f a stick. Und on der end of der stick iss a vite handkerchief. Und he say, 'Flag of truce, Heinie, flag of truce! So don't shoot!'"

"Und I say, 'Vere iss my money?'"

"Und he takes a dime out und says, 'Here iss der nickel I owe you und here iss a nickel for anodder dill. So hand it over, Heinie, und let's be friends.'

"So I did und ve vass.

"Ja, ja! Dot poy! He didn't behave so bad, after all. But vot a pest, he vass! Vot a pest!"

"Und now I tells you somet'ing more. Vun day two of der girls come in und dey vass gigglin' und vun say to de odder, 'Your nose iss shiny.'

"Und de odder says, 'Vell, dot's easy fixed.'

"Und vot did she do but pick up vun of der doughnuts vot has flour sprinkled mit und rub it on her nose! Ja, ja! Dot's vot she done!

"Und den both dose girls laff und laff!

"But I don't laff, you bet you! I say, 'Such a smartness! Now, you pay me for dot doughnut.'

"Und she say, 'Ach, Heinie! Ha'f a heart!'

"Und I say, 'If I ha'f a heart for you High School kids, pretty soon I don't ha'f no money for my pocket book, already.'

"Und she say, 'Vell, I tell you vot, Heinie. Before long I'm going to enter meinself in a beauty contest. Und I'll divide der brize mit you.'

"Und I say, 'Beauty contest! You couldn't vin in a beauty contest, no more as I could!'

"Und she say, 'V'y not, Heine? In a beauty contest, don't dey gif out consolations?'

"Und I say, 'You don't pay me mit no consolations!'

"Und she say, 'Vell, dry your eyes, Heinie. Here's money for six doughnuts.'

"Vell, dot's somet'ing else again, already. So I take der money und den she und her friend goes oud mit der doughnuts und more giggles.

"Ach, dey vass nice girls. Ja, ja! But such a pest! Such a pest!

"Ach, dose High School kids! Dose kids! Dey make my life like in a monkey cage!

"But all der same, ven school closes und dey iss not here no more, already, vell, den I miss 'em. Ja, ja! Den I miss 'em."

Izzie and His Stenog

A Pantomime

CHARACTERS: IZZIE, MAGGIE, BOY (*sun*), READER.

The special properties required are as follows:

THERMOMETER, made of white cardboard marked off in degrees, and a strip of red cardboard for mercury. This latter is made to slide up and down from behind.

CLOCK DIAL, made of white cardboard with hands arranged to turn from behind.

LARGE DESK CALENDAR.

HUGE FAN.

Material for thunder, rain, etc.

All movements should be done extravagantly, as a sort of burlesque.

READER:

It was an unusually warm spell in early spring¹ following a cold snap. Izzie Goldberg sat at his desk making strenuous efforts to get settled down to business². At ten o'clock³ the sun came out⁴ and sent the thermometer to climbing upward⁵. Goldberg arose, threw off his coat⁶ and then sat down to work again⁷. It was evident the heat⁸ was getting on his nerves. The stenog came in with a bundle⁹ of letters for her employer to sign. She appeared just as hot and uncomfortable as he¹⁰.

"Here, Maggie," cried¹¹ Goldberg, just as she was slipping¹² out of the room, "here ish von more letter vot I vant you to write quick as efer you can."

"Yis, sor," says she, taking a paper which he hands her, "I'll run¹³ roight off an' do it."

Then she shot¹⁴ out of the door like a flash¹⁵. The sun¹⁶ was still out and growing hotter every minute. The

thermometer¹⁷ went up another ten degrees. Goldberg threw off his vest¹⁸ and sat¹⁹ down to work again, but he could accomplish nothing except to manipulate a fan²⁰. He took off his collar and tie²¹ and threw them on the desk²². Still the thermometer kept going up²³. The sun was sizzling hot²⁴. Finally the stenog came in with the letter²⁵ and handed it to Izzie.

"Here's your letter, Mr. Goldberg," said she. "My, but ain't it a turrible²⁶ sweltering day?"

"Mein grief, it ish so hot²⁷. I don't tink mebbe ve vork more today, ain't it?" said Izzie.

"Shure an' I'll be glad to quit, but plaze don't be afther takin' off onything more," cried²⁸ she as Izzie began to unbutton his shirt at the neck²⁹, "for it would shure make me blush for shame"³⁰.

Just then a thunder clap was heard³¹, the sun disappeared³², then suddenly the rain began to fall in sheets³³. At the same time the thermometer began to drop³⁴ as rapidly as it arose. Izzie hastened to put on his coat and vest again³⁵, while Maggie stood about shivering³⁶ and just as uncomfortable with the cold as she had been with the heat a short time before.

"Och, worry, I'm cold an' scared"³⁷, said she.

"It ish a pad storm," said Izzie. "Coom ofer here und ve sit down togedder und try to keep varm py each odder"³⁸.

"I think I'm catchin' cold."³⁹ said Maggie.

"Me, too,"⁴⁰ replied Izzie.

They sat huddled together⁴¹ in silence for a few minutes while the storm raged outside⁴² and the thermometer kept going down⁴³.

Finally Izzie broke the silence⁴⁴——

"Maggie, I've yust peen tinkin' if ve could yust get married und go off to some petter climate for ein honeymoon how nice dat would pe⁴⁵. Don'd you tink so, eh?" asked Izzie.

"Shure, an' it would be nice, Izzie," replied Maggie, "jist loike Abie's Irish Rose only you would be Izzie an' I would be Maggie."

"Let's do it tomorrow,"⁴⁶ said Izzie.

"All roight," exclaimed Maggie, "only I do hope the sun will shine jist for good luck."

Just then the storm ceased⁴⁷ and the sun⁴⁸ came out again.

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!"⁴⁹ shouted both, "here it is an we're both happy."⁵⁰

ACTIONS

1. Izzie Goldberg turns large desk calendar to April 1.
2. Burlesque motions of writing and handling papers.
3. Hands of clock are turned to 10.
4. A boy with full round face comes on stage.
5. Boy raises "mercury" in thermometer.
6. Goldberg removes coat and *throws* it on floor or chair.
7. Sits down and works vigorously.
8. Stops, wipes forehead, fans himself.
9. Maggie enters with huge bundle of "letters" (papers).
10. Maggie fans herself vigorously.
11. Izzie wipes eyes and speaks as if crying.
12. Maggie slips or slides as she starts to leave.
13. She actually runs.
14. Loud report outside as she exits.
15. Flash from a reflector.
16. Boy (sun) fans himself and appears hot.
17. Mercury is pushed up in thermometer.
18. Izzie takes off vest and *throws* on floor or chair.
19. He sits at desk.

20. Fans vigorously.
21. Takes off collar and tie.
22. *Throws* them on desk.
23. Mercury is raised again.
24. Boy (sun) fans.
25. Enter Maggie with huge letter.
26. She fans extravagantly.
27. Izzie wipes perspiration from face with hand and throws it off on floor. Fans.
28. She appears to cry.
29. He unbuttons shirt at collar.
30. She holds hand before face.
31. Sound of thunder off stage. (*May be produced by large sheet of zinc or galvanized iron.*)
32. Boy (sun) goes off stage.
33. Sound of rain outside. (*Beans dropped into a box.*)
Sheets may be flung in just at edge of stage and water thrown on them, if desired.
34. Mercury is lowered.
35. Izzie puts coat and vest on.
36. Maggie shivers in burlesque manner.
37. She appears very much frightened.
38. Izzie and Maggie sit down very close together. He stretches coat around her.
39. She sneezes loudly.
40. He sneezes.
41. They sit closer together, heads together and occasionally looking toward window.
42. Sound of rain and thunder.

43. Mercury is lowered again.
44. Izzie claps hands loudly. Maggie jumps.
45. She nods and claps hands joyfully.
46. She gets calendar from desk and turns to April 2.
47. The storm ceases.
48. Boy (sun) enters, smiling.
49. They stand waving arms.
50. Boy (sun) holds arms outspread as if giving them a blessing.

Liars

A Darky Sermon by Brudder Bones

BREDREN AND SISTREN :

I'se gwine to expound to yo' dis ebenin' on de subjeck ob lyin'. Lyin' am de mos' popular sin wat am. I reckon dar ain't nebber been only two pussuns in dis worl' wat nebber lied. One ob dem was Gawge Washin'ton. I s'pect dat's de reason he done gotter be pres'dent ob dese United States. An' as fo' de odder one, I can't tell yo' 'case my sense ob modesty fo' bids.

Lyin' is tellin' sumpin wat ain't. Dey is seb'ral kin's ob lyin'. One kin' is called fibs. Dey am de same as little pickaninnies tells when dere mammy wants 'em to go to bed an' dey says dey ain't tiahed one bit. Co'se dat ain't so bad if de fibs don't keep a growin' an' growin' bigger till dey gets to be reg'lar grown-up lies.

Anodder kin' am "white lies" same as yo' ladies tells when yo' says, "Missus Jones, I'se powahful glad to see yo'," an' all de time yo' wishes she was in purgatory. Dat's de kin' whar yo' tells de boss yo're sick when yo'se only sick ob wo'kin'. Mos' ebody tells fibs an' white lies—eben to church membahs an' sometimes de ministers demselves.

Anodder kin' am called 'zaggeration. Dat am whar yo' say yo' has a watermilyun seben feet across when mebbe 'tain't more'n a foot an' free inches. Now ob co'se dese ain't berry dangerous 'cept yo' sin am liable to grow an' grow an' grow ebry day till yo' gets to tellin' de reg'lar brack lies wat am de wuss ones ob all. Dat's de kin' ob lies whar yo' tells yo' wife yo'se been to see a sick frien' when all de time yo'se been playin' poker or shootin' craps wif de gang down on de cornah. It am de kin' whar yo' swar's in de co'troom dat yo' ain't done stole yore neighbor's rooster when all de time dat same rooster am crowin' away fo' deah life down in yo' own cellah.

Now, bredren an' sistren, I jes' wanter say dat all ob yo' heah dis ebenin' am liahs. Some ob yo' mebbe ain't such big liahs as de odders but yo'se liahs jes' de same. When Brudder Jones say he's gwine pay dat fibe dollahs wat he owes me he knows it am a lie. When Sistah Johnsing says she nebbah quarrels wif her ol' man she knows dat am a lie, too. When Sistah Hambone done say her age am twenty-seben 'stead ob fo'ty-nine she am tellin' a whopper. But dat ain't all. It would take me a week to 'numerate all de lies yo' folks has tole, an' den I couldn't begin to tell 'em all.

I tell yo', my frien's, it am awful. I dunno wat dis worl' am a comin' to. I reckon mebbe some day de Lawd's gwinter sen' anodder flood to drown all de people wat tells lies. Or else mebbe nex' time 'twill be a fiah to burn 'em up or a hurricane to smash 'em to smifereens, or a yearthquake to swallow 'em up in de yearth. Whateber 'tis it am gwinter to be sumfin turrible. So I gibs yo' fair warnin' befo' dat happens. Anyway, I hopes it doesn't happen while I'se alibe 'case 'twould be awful lonesome to be de only pusson left on dis earth. It would be wusser'n de punishment wat yo' was gettin'. It would be wusser'n when ol' Adam an' Ebe was alone in de Garden ob Eden, 'case dis time dar would be no Ebe. I would be all alone on de earth an' Gawge Washin'ton would be de only one in Hebben. Now, bredren an' sistren, won't yo' please take heed fo' yo're ol' parson's sake an' stop yo're eberlastin' lyin'? Dat's all.

De Towah ob Babel

A Darkey Sermon by Rev. Deuteronomy Jones

Bredren an' Sistren: I'se gwine explaterate to yo' today on de Towah ob Babel. I reckon yo'se all heard 'bout Noah an' de flood. If yo' has, den yo' recomembahs how all de peoples got so wicked dat de Lawd sent de rain fo' fohty days an' fohty nights twill ebrybody 'cept ol' Noah an' his fambly was drowned. I 'spect ol' man Noah hissself would a' made shark meat effen it hadn't a been dat de Lawd took a shine to Noah an' gib him a hint so's he could build him a gweat big boat an' sabe his hide. Well, bimeby de flood stopped an' de watah all went down so dat de lan' was jes' as dry as it ebber was. Den ol' Noah an' his folks went all roun' buildin' houses an' villages, an' arter awhile dar was a lot mo' people on de earth again. Den dey began to get jes' as wicked as dey ebber was an' mebbe a lil' wickeder. I spect dey got to cheatin' each odder in poker games an' hoss tradin' an' sech lak. I reckon lak enough dey was lyin' an' blaspheming an' drinkin' booze an' runnin' roun' wif odder men's wives an' ebryting lak dat. Yo' see dey done fo'got all 'bout how de good Lawd done sabe dere fo'fathers from gettin' drowned. Dey didn't gib de Lawd a mite ob credit fo' givin' ol' Noah dat lil' hint, no sah. I spect dey was de orneres' folks wat ebber libed.

Arter awhile dey done hatched up a scheme to build a gweat towah dat would reach way up to de sky so dat iffen anodder flood come dey could all climb up an' be safe same as dere gweat-gweat-gweat-gweat grandfather Noah was up dar on de mountain in his big boat. But, my frien's, yo' see dey fo'got one ting. Dey nebber said a word to de Lawd 'bout it an' so when de Lawd done hear ob it he got awful mad. An' wot yo' tink he done? No sah, he didn't send anodder flood. He didn't strike 'em daid as he orter done. No sah, he didn't do dat. He jes' went an' make 'em all speak diff'runt langwidges so's dey couldn't understan' each odder tall, an' so dey had to gib up buildin' de towah. Now wat d'ye tink ob dat? He! he! he! Made 'em all talk a diff'runt kin' ob gib'rish. I s'pose one ob dem was talkin' 'Talian an' anodder one Chinese an' anodder one French an' lak enuff dar was Germans an' Pollacks an' Injuns' an I dunno wat all. I jes' lak to heard 'em when dey was fust

struck dat way only I wouldn't want to been one ob 'em 'case goodness knows what kin' er langwidge I'd be talkin' now—mebbe I'd done be a Turk or a Jap. He! he! he! I reckon dat am de reason why we has so many diff'runt kin's ob folks in de worl' an' why dey talks so many kin's ob langwidges. Golly, I bet dem Jews was awful mad when dey foun' dey was talkin' 'Talian an' Mozambique an' sech lak jes' lak an anarchist meetin'. Dat am de story ob de Towah ob Babel, an' I jes' wanter gib yo' folks fair warnin' dat if yo' don't call a halt to yo' sins right away quick an' perceed to mend yo' ways dat de Lawd am gwine sen' some kin' er punishment wusser'n de Towah ob Babel. Yes sah, he sho' am. De sponsibility am on yo' shouldahs. Amen.

A Burlesque Style Demonstration

This may be featured at a fair, carnival, pep-meeting or game.

Character and costumes are described below.

DIRECTOR:

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is going to be your great privilege this evening to witness some of the latest and most unique styles in feminine apparel. We have been able to secure the services of some of the handsomest models in the country as well as others whom we have imported from London, Paris and Tibuktu. We are confident that you will all agree with us that no more charming or more graceful models could be found anywhere.

Now if the orchestra will play the "Grand March" we will proceed with the demonstration.

(The "orchestra" consists of men or women who play toy musical instruments or zobos.)

The first showing will be a lovely new creation direct from Paris—an afternoon gown—demonstrated by Miss Tiny Bohunkus. Miss Bohunkus, by the way, is employed by many of the smart shops of New York and Hoboken.

(The orchestra plays and MISS TINY BOHUNKUS enters, marches about stage, turning, bowina, etc., then passes off.

"She" is a fat man, wearing a wig and with face painted extravagantly. She wears a low-necked dress without sleeves, and carries a fan or parasol.)

DIRECTOR:

The next is an evening gown quite the vogue in London society at the present time. It is the style now worn by many of the duchesses and countesses and millionairesses of England. This is demonstrated by Madam Highflair of London.

(Enter tall man with skirt reaching about six inches above knees and with no back to waist, low neck and no sleeves. MADAME marches about stage, bows and turns to show off the dress. Meanwhile orchestra plays.)

DIRECTOR:

Next we shall show you some of the smartest as well as the daintiest styles of lingerie from Paris. This is demonstrated by Mademoiselle Tutti-Frutti.

(Enter stockily built man wearing a lady's white petticoat and underwaist, silk stockings rolled at knees. Marches about, turns and bows as before, passes to mirror and powders face, paints lips, etc., then bows to audience again and passes off.)

DIRECTOR:

Our next showing is the latest thing in a bathing suit from Atlantic City (*Palm Beach or any resort*) and is demonstrated by a well-known bathing beauty, Miss Ava Du Pois.

(This is represented by another large man in girl's wig and bathing suit and carrying parasol which he tries to carry very gracefully.)

NOTE.—Other styles may be shown, including ladies' shoes, ladies' hats, wraps, etc. All models should be men, dressed as women, who act the parts in a ridiculous manner. Any specialties such as songs, dances or monologues may be introduced by the models as desired. The Director may make a few closing remarks *ad lib*.

A Darky Style Show

Another burlesque style show with colored or blackened models may be put on in a similar manner as the preceding number. The garments should be made of very gay colors, of which red and yellow predominate. Any minstrel or negro songs may be introduced as specialties.

A Mental Test

The "mental test" stunt may be used at a banquet, carnival, picnic, party or any social gathering. The announcement may be made as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: There have been rumors that some persons now present at this gathering are considerably unbalanced or somewhat dippy, so to speak. These rumors have somehow reached the ears of the authorities at.....(*name any insane asylum*) and consequently they have sent Prof. Will Ketcham to take a mental test of each one present. He is accompanied by an able assistant, Miss Ima Gawk, who will take certain measurements and data regarding yourselves which will be necessary in determining your correct mental status."

Miss Gawk then starts her work, beginning at one side of the room and, taking each in turn, she fills out the following questionnaire:

1. Head measurement. (*She uses tape measure.*)
2. Height.
3. Width.
4. Nationality.
5. Race.
6. Size of shoe.
7. Size of hat.
8. Size of stockings.
9. Use cuss words?
10. Ever been arrested?

The "Professor" follows her and proceeds to take the "mental test" of each one. This is supposed to be according to the famous "B and A" system. Ridiculous answers are given and the ones giving the most foolish replies are declared to be the most sane. Those having the most nearly correct answers are considered deficient and are presented with tickets admitting them to the asylum as patients. Here is the test:

1. Name some similarity common to the following: a two-year-old baby, a pet crow and a bucking broncho.

2. If Jane Jones is 25 years old on Christmas Day and her brother is 37 years old on St. Patrick's Day, how old is her mother on Thanksgiving Day?

3. If your grandmother is third cousin to your husband's nephew's mother-in-law, what relation are you to your husband (or wife)?

4. Spell umphm backward.

5. Repeat the following three times in 20 seconds: Dandy Dick drove a deaf donkey down the dusky dell.

6. What is the main difference between a monkey and a man?

7. What are the first words a lady would say if she sat on a tack? Would a man express himself in the same way?

8. How much farther is it from New York to Chicago on the B. & O. R. R. by accommodation train than by fast limited?

9. Why is a mosquito?

10. What would you consider a fair price for a building lot at the North Pole?

The Fake Magician

The "Magician" should have a high silk hat with a top made to work like a door or a box cover, that is, fastened as with a hinge so that it may open inwardly, leaving the top open. This may be made of pasteboard and covered with cloth. He should also be provided with a box set on legs to represent a stand. This should have a table top with an opening in center and with a trap door arranged to open downward. The door is fitted with a spring to keep it closed. In the box may be placed the articles he wishes the audience to believe are concealed in the hat. These may include toy chickens, live kitten, etc. He should also have two or three china or wooden eggs in a basket outside.

It is quite necessary that the "magician" should have an assistant in the audience who is unknown to the others.

Previous to the opening of the performance the "magician" or his assistant slips a coin into the side pocket of some member of the audience without that person knowing it.

The "magician" enters wearing the high hat. He makes a low bow to the audience, then takes off hat and places it on the stand which should be at the center of the platform. He makes his introductory remarks in a very pompous manner. His speech is as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen and Others: As a student of several of the famous magicians of the day, I am able to present to you tonight some of their most wonderful and mystifying tricks. I wish you would give me your closest attention. In the first place I wish you to look at this hat. (*Turns it around so that the audience may see the inside, then sets it on a chair.*) You will notice that it is entirely empty. You may also notice that the top of the stand is solid like any other stand. (*Thumps it in various places but careful to avoid the trap door. Takes handkerchief from pocket and shakes it out.*) You will also notice this handkerchief, which I will use in the first trick. (*Shakes it again.*) Now if someone will lend me a dime (*or coin similar to the one placed in spectator's pocket*), please. Now I will place this coin inside the handkerchief and fold it first this way and then this way, completely

enclosing the coin. Now I will unfold the handkerchief. You see the coin is still there. (*Holds coin.*) Now I will try it again in the same way. (*The assistant may speak up suddenly: "Better keep close watch of him, it may be the last you see of the coin."* People naturally turn to see who is talking and during the interruption the Magician slides the coin through the trap door and continues to fold the handkerchief. *He then waves his hand over it, three times.*) Now look closely this time. (*Lifts handkerchief and shakes it.*) You perceive, ladies and gentlemen and flappers, that the coin is gone. It has disappeared, vanished. Where could it have gone? Will Mr..... be so kind as to look in his side pocket, right side. Thanks. Will you please pass it to me. (*This may be continued if desired.*)

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen and Loafers, my next trick will be more wonderful still. You see that this hat is perfectly empty. (*Shows hat again.*) I will place it on the stand in full view of you all. I will take these eggs and place them carefully in the hat. (*He does so, lifting the hat top and dropping eggs into box.*) As you may all know, it usually takes about three weeks for hen's eggs to hatch. (*Pause.*) Now don't be alarmed. We aren't going to wait that long. That's where magic comes in. (*Makes several passes over the hat, then calls "Chick, chick, chick." Reaching into the box stand, through the hat, he removes as many toy chickens as there were eggs.*) You see they all hatched. Now I will show you something still more wonderful. (*He makes more elaborate passes over the hat, repeating any gibberish, then calls "Kitty, Kitty!" Reaching in, he takes out the kitten and holds up to the audience.*) Does this belong to any of you?

I will now proceed to demonstrate my powers of hypnotism if someone will volunteer to be my victim—er—I mean subject. Who will volunteer? Raise the hand. (*The assistant, of course, raises his hand and is promptly chosen.*) Thank you. Will Mr..... please come upon the stage. (*The assistant does so and is told to lie on the cot or chairs. The "Magician" makes passes over him for a few minutes, then finally turns to the audience.*) He's a tough nut but I'll conquer him yet. (*Does the same thing again.*) Now observe that I have him completely in my

power. He could not avoid doing what I ask him, not to save his soul; no, sir. I will show you. (*He orders the subject to do various ridiculous stunts, all of which he performs as if completely under the spell of the Magician.*) I trust you are satisfied that it is genuine and that he couldn't do otherwise except what I tell him to do. I will now bring him out of it. (*Goes through same performance as before.*) Now arise. You are released from my power.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Shieks: I will now give you an exhibition of my supernatural powers. It may be that we can communicate with the spirits of some of the notable people of by-gone days, provided, of course, that I can get into the proper atmosphere, or, as you might say,—in harmony with them. (*He sits in chair, closes eyes and pretends to go into a trance. Suddenly he opens eyes.*) Ah, I am now in communication with the spirit of George Washington. He wishes to speak with some kindred soul—wait a minute, I didn't quite get the name—oh, yes!—John Doe (*any local character*). He says if you continue to be as truthful as you have been in the past he will meet you in Heaven some time. (*He closes his eyes and goes into a trance as before.*) I am now in communication with Henry the Eighth. He wants to speak to.....(*any local flirt*). He says to be very careful of too many loves. They may make your life miserable. In the same way Thomas Jefferson may communicate with some staunch Democrat; Hamlet with a lover of Shakespeare; Cleopatra with some local beauty, etc. Other names might include King "Tut", Napoleon, Josh Billings, Baron Munchausen, etc.

Down Our Street

This is a series of burlesque pantomimes. If produced on a stage, the stage may be divided into two parts with sectional curtains which leave one-half of the stage visible to the audience while the other half is concealed from view. As one pantomime is completed the curtain is closed and the other side opened to view. The pantomimes are supposed to represent scenes in various offices and shops "down our street," as follows:

The Barber Shop

The following sign may hang on the rear wall:

JOHN HENRY SMITH	
<i>Barber</i>	
Hair Cutting	50 cents
Hair Cutting (Bald heads)	\$1.00
Shaves (Fuzzy beards)	.10 cents
Shaves (Heavy beards)	.25 cents
Shampoo	50 cents
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED	

Local names should be used.

The customers sit in chairs waiting to be shaved. One customer gets out of chair and another takes his place. The barber uses a huge paint brush or whitewash brush and makes the lather in a pail. He lathers the customer's face and then produces a huge razor which he sharpens on a grindstone. He then proceeds to shave the customer. Finally the customer goes to sleep and snores. This may be made as ridiculous as possible.

The Doctor's Office

The following sign hangs on the wall:

PETER JONES, M. D.	
Office Hours:	
7 to 8 A. M.	10 to 11 P. M.

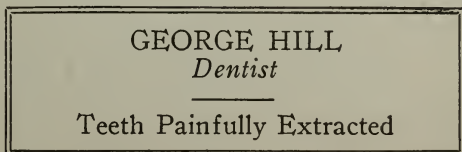
Use local name if desired.

A patient lies on an operating table. The doctor's assistant places a funnel over the patient's head. A rubber tube is attached to the spout of the funnel and connected, at the other end, with a "gas tank." The Doctor enters with saw and huge knife (imitation). He proceeds to "saw" the patient in the region of the stomach, then pretends to open and pull out various articles of food, such as potatoes (*whole*), summer squash, chicken, loaf of bread, or any other articles. These may be concealed under a blanket

which partially covers the patient and the "operation." He next pretends to sew up the incision. The funnel is removed, the patient sits up and looks about in bewilderment as the curtain changes.

The Dentist's Office

Sign as follows:



Use local name.

A patient sits in a dentist's chair. A tube, connected with a hand pump such as is used for filling auto tires, may be placed in patient's mouth, or so that it appears to the audience to be in his mouth. The Dentist pumps very strenuously for a time, stops and removes coat, then pumps again. At last he removes the tube and produces a huge pair of forceps or pincers. He pretends to make several attempts to pull the tooth, then at last succeeds in pulling an immense wooden tooth (*from under patient's shirt*). The Dentist stands in such a way that the audience do not see from where he takes the "tooth."

The Dressmaker's Shop

Sign as follows:



A customer is being measured or fitted for a new dress. This customer should be a man with woman's wig and petticoat and underwaist of ridiculous make-up. The Dressmaker measures with a tape measure, or tries on a partly finished waist. In so doing the bastings may burst. She makes comical work in measuring. If desired, the customer may be very tall and the Dressmaker very short, so that she has to use a step ladder to do the measuring.

The Milliner's Shop

Sign as follows:

<p>SALLY ANN WHITE Millinery</p>

A number of hats are arranged on a table or counter.

A customer is trying these on with the assistance of the Milliner. The styles should be odd and ridiculous. Customer occasionally looks in glass and arranges hat.

Beauty Shop

Sign as follows:

<p>MADAME SOLINSKY <i>Beauty Parlor</i></p> <hr/> <p>OLD FACES MADE YOUNG Permanent Waving Guaranteed to Last a Week!</p>

A customer, wearing false nose, face highly painted and any other disfigurements, enters and Madame motions her to a chair. The customer sits down and Madame proceeds to make her face over by means of "electricity." She may place a cloth over the customer's face and then proceed to rub a flatiron over it, a long cord extending from the wall to the iron. A buzzing sound just off stage may indicate the electricity. Any other ridiculous performance may be added to suit the occasion. Finally the cloth is removed and the customer steps out and bows to the audience.

The operation may be reversed if preferred, the customer coming in with face natural and leave with false nose, painted face, etc.

Any other offices and shops may be added as desired.

Toasts

1. *To Our Country*

Here's to our country, right or wrong. If right, let's keep it right; if wrong, let's try to make it right.

2. *To Our President*

Here's to our worthy president
Who does his duty well;
Yes, here's a health and here's a cheer,
Let everybody yell—
Rah for the President!

3. *To Mother*

Here's to my darling mother mine,
The dearest and the best.
I'll drink a health to her, while you
May drink to all the rest.

4. *To Father*

A toast to my father, my dear old dad,
The kindest and best that one ever had.

5. *To Our Children*

Here's to the children, bless them all,
With all their boist'rous ways,
Their laughter and their winning smiles
Bring gladness to our days.

6. *To Our Sailors*

Here's to our sailors and may it be "bon voyage"
On every trip
And every ship.

7. *To Our Army*

A cheer for our Army and may it always be victorious—
At home or abroad
Or on the "King's High Road."

8. *To Our Navy*

A toast for our Navy and may the "Star Spangled Banner" wave forever—

On every boat
A-sail or afloat.

9. *To Our Wives*

A toast to our wives, the faithful ones,
Who travel by our side,
The mothers of our children, 'tis
With them we'll e'er abide.

10. *To Our Husbands*

Here's to our husbands, tried and true,
Wherever they may roam;
The fathers of our children and
Providers of our home.

11. *To Our Schools*

Now a cheer for the schools which are among the bulwarks of our nation. May they always flourish.

12. *To Our Churches*

A reverent cheer for the churches, for without them our nation would soon become an unsafe place in which to live.

13. *To Our Friends*

We must not overlook our friends
They stick by us through thick and thin,
In gladness or in strife,
The spice and joy of life.

14. *To the Ladies*

Here's to the ladies, sweet and fair,
And everything about 'em;
With all their funny whims and frills
We couldn't do without 'em.

15. *To the Men*

Here's to the men! What would we do
If there were none to love us?
This world would be a dreary place
Though blue skies were above us.

16. *To Our Neighbors*

Here's a kind word for our neighbors, and may we
never have any quarrels with them.

17. *To Our Aviators*

Here's to the heroes who explore
The regions of the sky!
We'll drink a health to every one—
Here's to the boys who fly!

18. *To Our Statesmen*

A cheer for our statesmen and may they always work
for the best interests of their constituents rather than for
their own pocketbooks.

19. *To a Bride*

A health to the bride so lovely and fair!
Here's to her lips and here's to her hair!
Here's to the sunshine that gleams in her eyes!—
Lucky the groom who has drawn such a prize.

20. *To the Groom*

Now let's give a hearty toast
To the groom so grave.
He has all the virtues that
Any bride could crave.

21. *To Our Pastor*

Here's to our pastor, kind and true,
Striving always some good to do,
Bringing his messages cheery and glad
To hearts that are sorrowful, hungry and sad.

22. *To Our Teacher*

Here's to our teacher, patient and good,
Striving to make us walk as we should,
Teaching us things we ought to know
And watching us carefully as we grow.

23. *To Our Club*

Here's to our club and may its principles always stand
for the upbuilding and uplifting of our community and our
lives.

24. *To the Cooks*

A rousing cheer for the cooks who have furnished us
these tasty viands. All honor and praise to them. May
they live to a good old age.

25. *To Mine Hostess*

Hail the hostess! May the Lord
All her efforts bless.
Are we grateful for this spread?
Yes! Yes! Yes!

(This latter may also be used for "Mine Host.")

After-Dinner Stories

Capsize

TEACHER. Now, children, how many of you can make a sentence with the word "capsize"?

JOHNNY (*waving hand frantically*). Oh, teacher, I can.

TEACHER. Very well, Johnny, what is it?

JOHNNY. My cap size is six and a half.

His Funniest Speech

Some time ago at a banquet a certain gentleman was called upon for an after-dinner speech. Judging from previous experiences, his speeches were generally regarded as dull and tiresome. Soon after he had launched forth on his speech two or three of the members went to sleep. In due time the toasts and stories were ended and then some matters of business were brought up, including the resolution on the death of a former friend and colleague. These resolutions were read by the erstwhile tiresome speaker. Just as he was sitting down the sleepers awakened and began to laugh heartily. The other members, of course, were much surprised, and when the chairman asked them the reason for their jollity, they replied: "That was the funniest speech we've heard Mr. A. make yet."

The New Cook

The Johnsons have a new cook, a descendant from the Emerald Isle. The other day Mrs. Johnson asked her to make hash for supper with the left-over from the noon meal. Some time afterward she came to her mistress with a tale of woe.

"Whatever shall I be havin' for supper, Mrs. Johnson?" asked Bridget.

"Why, I thought I told you to make hash," replied her mistress.

"Yis," said Bridget, "but not wan iv thim lift a spick iv mate on their plates."

A Cause for Worry

Cohen is an enterprising Jew who lives on Harrison Street and keeps a clothing shop on Broadway. The other day they had a new arrival at his home, making just an even dozen of children.

"I hear you have a new boarder at your home, Cohen?" asked a friend next morning. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Of course it had to be a girl," said Cohen.

"Evidently you are not overpleased with a girl," said his friend.

"'Tain't meinself but mein customers vat I'm vorried apout," replied the old Jew.

"How so?" asked the inquisitor.

"Vell," said Cohen, "you see it's like dis, if it had been a poy I would only haf to raise der prices on mein clodings three dollars, but now I haf to raise dem five dollars apiece. I don'd know how dey vill shtand for it."

The Scrub Team

The other day while the principal of a high school was showing a visitor about the building there were a number of people busy at work scrubbing the floors.

"You seem to have a good many people employed here," remarked the visitor, to which the principal replied, "What you see here is the scrub team."

He Might Learn More

Joshua Higgins had been courting Mirandy Hodgson for nearly twenty years before he spunked up courage to ask her to marry him. Finally he did succeed in getting grit enough to pop the question and of course she promptly accepted him. After the wedding a neighbor said to him, "It took ye a long time to pop the question, didn't it, Josh?"

"Um-m, yes," said Josh, "an' I ain't learned all about her yet; but if she don't turn out all right I ain't got so long to live with her, b'gosh."

Satisfied

Pat Murphy, a good natured Irishman employed as a gardener in a certain town, had just taken unto himself a wife. A neighbor passing by remarked as follows:

"Well, Pat, I hear you've got married at last."

"Yis," said Pat, "I've committed the crime at last."

"Is she good looking?" asked the neighbor.

"Wull," said Pat, "yez moight call her good lookin' an' yez moight not. Barrin' a wart on the ind iv her nose an' a hair lip she's purthy fair lookin'."

"I suppose she's got a good disposition?" queried the neighbor.

"Wull, yis," said Pat, "ixcpt for the fact that she broke her first husband's jaw wid the flatiron. Ixcpt for that she'll all roight."

"I suppose she comes from a good family?" asked the neighbor.

"Yis, yis," answered Pat, "there's nothin' wrong about the family 'cpt that one brither's in jail an' another wan's a bootlegger an' she's got wan sister that's a school teacher."

"Well, if you're satisfied I s'pose it's all right," replied the neighbor.

"Yis, so 'tis," answered Pat. "onyway, she moight have been worse. She moight have had whiskers on her chin, an' been proficient in the use iv a shotgun, an' besides she moight have been hung for murther, but she wasn't, so I'm satisfied."

De Lawd Provides

Uncle Rastus was a tremendous eater. At a community dinner last summer his appetite was so great that the ladies got scared for fear the victuals wouldn't hold out. He had already eaten two dozen biscuit, three plates of beans, besides pickles, salads and various other things when one of the young women said to him:

"Uncle Rastus, I don't see how you can hold so much. I should think you'd burst."

"No, ma'am," replied Rastus, "I ain't gwine bust no-how. I dunno why 'tis but de good Lawd done provide fo' dat. Lot's ob times I don't get 'nuff to eat 'case I'se so pore, so de Lawd done made my stummick big ernuff to hold all I wants when I does get de chance. Please pass de beans!"

Dorothy's Scheme

Little Dorothy came home from school the other day with the usual number of questions. She started in as follows:

"Mamma, what makes some women be old maids?"

"Why, my dear, I suppose it's because no one has ever asked them to marry, or else they haven't found anyone they liked. But you shouldn't call them 'old maids', they are spinsters."

"Is that why Aunt Clara is one?" asked Dorothy.

"I suppose so, dear," answered her mother.

"And is that the reason men are old bachelors?" continued Dorothy.

"I presume so, darling."

"Then why don't Aunt Clara ask some nice old bachelor to marry her?" queried the little miss.

"Because it isn't nice for ladies to ask the gentlemen to marry them."

After this Miss Dorothy was quiet for a long time but her little thinker was working hard. After a while she broke out again:

"Mamma," said she, "I've got it all settled. I've picked out a nice little boy and I'm goin' to ask him to marry me as soon as we both get big enough and old enough. Then I won't have to worry any, 'cause I'd awfully hate to be a splinter."

A Terrible Climate

Mike Donovan had been in America about six months and had found employment as helper on a coal wagon. Going home from his work one night he happened to run across Pat Finnegan, who had just arrived from the old country.

"Wull, wull, if it ain't me ould frind, Pat Finnegan," exclaimed Mike as he grasped him by the hand.

"An' I do belave it's Mike Donovan," said Pat, staring wildly at his friend.

"Did yez jist come over," inquired Mike.

"Yis, not more than an hour ago. But pwhativer makes yez so black?" asked Pat.

"Och, shure an' it's the American climate," replied Mike. "Now come along wid me for I'm goin' to take yez home to the wife an' kiddies."

After walking along for a while they came to a place where a number of negroes were working on the street. Pat had never seen a colored man before, so pointing them out to Mike, he asked: "An' is it the climate makes thim look loike thot?"

"Yis," said Mike, sensing the humor of the situation, "only they've been here longer than I have."

Pat thought the matter over for a while and then exclaimed:

"Be gorry, if the climate iv America makes a mon as black as thot I'm goin' back to the ould counthry jist as quick as iver I can get there."

Yells

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
Hinkey, dinky, blinky bah!

FIRST GROUP.

What's the matter with our club?

SECOND GROUP.

Nothing's the matter with our club.
She's all right!

ALL.

Blankville Community Club!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

FIRST GROUP.

He! Ho! Hi!

SECOND GROUP.

He! Ho! Hi!

THIRD GROUP.

He! Ho! Hi!

(Other groups if desired.)

LEADER. Now all together—

ALL. He! Ho! Hi!

Blankville Social Club!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rip, rip, rah!
Zip, zip, zah!

LEADER. Who's the big push?

OTHERS. We are! We are!
Blankville Club!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hoo-rah! Hoo-ray!
Ray, ray, ray!
Blankville.....Club!! *(Or team.)*
Ray! Ray! Ray!

The names of any club or team may be substituted in place of the ones given above. The groups or sections may represent the tables in a banquet hall or the divisions of a stadium where a game is played.

Song Parodies

By THOS. B. WEAVER

A Blue Lover

(Tune—"Annie Laurie")

NOTE.—The setting should be a room with the usual furnishings, the young, bashful lover amusing himself at cards, reading, or looking through a magazine.

He should show his emotions from time to time by the shaking of his head, gestures of his hands, expressions of his face, by rising occasionally and stepping about in a nervous and worried fashion, and in many other striking and effective ways.

1. Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
But I feel rather blue,
For Annie's gone to visit
A month, and perhaps two;
A month, and perhaps two;
That's why I'm feeling blue;
For Annie's gone to visit
A month, or perhaps two.
2. Now Annie's far the sweetest
Of all the girls I know,
And because she's far the neatest
I feel a pang of woe.
I feel a pang of woe;
She may find another beau;
And because she's far the neatest
I feel a pang of woe.
3. There's no one like my dearie
In all our native town;
To see her made me leery,
Dressed in her bright, new gown.
To me will she be true?

(Here he becomes agitated and uses violent gestures, such as clasping tightly his hands before his breast, roughly runs his hands through his hair, presses nervously his right hand to his forehead while he extends his left into space as though longing for her, and so on.)

The thought makes me feel blue ;
 Without her life is dreary—
 The thought makes me feel blue.

4. My daily tasks are irksome,
 My appetite is shot,
 And in my sleep I jerk some,
 And toss upon my cot.
 What if my Annie flirts?
 And shortens her new skirts?
 Then she'll be the talk of kirckdom,
 And I shall be forgot.
-

How Ladies Act

(Tune—"When I Was a Lady")

1. When I was a lady, a lady, a lady,
 When I was a lady, a lady was I ;
(The singer here acts out in ludicrous manner the thought.)
 I did this way, I did that way,
 I did this way, I did that way ;
 When I was a lady, a lady was I.
2. When I met my sweetheart, my sweetheart, my sweet-
 heart,
 When I met my sweetheart, so happy was I ;
(Acts bashfully and amusingly.)
 I did this way, I did that way,
 I did this way, I did that way ;
 When I met my sweetheart, so happy was I.

3. When he asked me to marry, to marry, to marry,
 When he asked me to marry so bashful was I;
(Acts very shy and catches breath, almost faints, and rolls her eyes and finally runs off to a window and pretends to leap out.)

I did this way, I did that way,
 I did this way, I did that way;
 When he asked me to marry, so bashful was I.

4. When we two were married, were married, were married,
 When we two were married so nervous was I.

(The acting covers the wedding ceremony and should include plenty of clever, amusing stuff such as the shaking of her knees, trembling of her hands, gasping for breath, rolling of eyes and many other equally ridiculous things.)

I did this way, I did that way,
 I did this way, I did that way;
 When we two were married so nervous was I.

NOTE.—The above directions are only suggestive, although practical; but it is hoped that the singer will rely upon her own ability to make the dramatics both excellent and clever.

The Big Question

(Tune—"The Quilting Party")

1. In the sky the stars were shining,
 And the moon was full and bright,
 And my loving heart was longing, pining,
 To see darling Nell that night.
 To see darling Nell that night,
 To see darling Nell that night;
 And my loving heart was longing, pining,
 To see darling Nell that night.

2. Now Aunt Dinah had a party;
 She invited Nell and me:
 Though it was an old-time quilting party,
 I was happy as could be.
 I was happy as could be,
 I was happy as could be;
 Though it was an old-time quilting party,
 I was happy as could be.

3. Nellie's patch was far the neatest
 And Aunt Dinah told her so;
 And to me Nell was by far the sweetest
 Of the many girls I know.
 Of the many girls I know,
 Of the many girls I know;
 And to me Nell was by far the sweetest
 Of the many girls I know.

4. While the moon was brightly shining,
 Nell and I strolled side by side;
 With her head upon my breast reclining,
 I asked her to be my bride.
 I asked her to be my bride,
 I asked her to be my bride;
 With her head upon my breast reclining,
 I asked her to be my bride.

5. To my throbbing heart I pressed her;
 In a voice both sweet and low,
 Nellie said as often I caressed her,
 "Have you any money, Joe?"
 "Have you any money, Joe?"
 Have you any money, Joe?"
 Nellie said as often I caressed her,
 "Have you any money, Joe?"

Singer closes by reciting with great emotion, "As I held Nellie to my heart and beheld the wealth of her love which beamed through her large and soulful eyes into mine I said, 'Nellie, dear, what will it matter how much or how little of this world's wealth we may possess when we shall be blessed with the untold riches of each other's love and devotion?'"

"I shall leave you to guess Nellie's reply."

A Hubby's Thrill

(Tune—"The Blue Bells of Scotland")

SUGGESTIONS—To render this selection properly will require lots of practice and much dramatic ability. The husband should be temperamental and emotional, easily excited and very demonstrative.

This selection if skillfully acted will rank very high as a stage piece. The editor would be pleased to receive reports from those who put this number on as to the success of the effort.

The husband comes rushing in like any active business man would do after the day's work, expecting to greet his dear little wifey; and while taking off his coat and hanging up his hat begins to sing.

1. Oh, where, and oh, where is my darling wifey gone?
Oh, where, and oh, where is my darling wifey gone?
Her love to me seems true,
And as warm as love can be;
And my heart's sad today since I want her home with
me.
(Sits down, rubs his hands together and tries to think.)

2. Oh where, and oh, where is my darling wifey gone?
Oh, where, and oh, where is my darling wifey gone?
(He jumps to his feet and begins to look about the
room.)
Ah, here a note I see,
And I'm sure it's meant for me;
(While nervously trying to tear the envelope open.)
Now I'll know, and I'll know where my darling wifey's
gone.
(Reads note:)

Hubby Dear: You must have been to lunch when I tried to get you on the phone this noon.

I am attending a swell card party this afternoon and evening at the elegant home of Mrs. in the heights. Some of the city's swellest players are to be present.

I feel just a little nervous about playing, as I brought only five dollars and your check book along. I may have to check on you if I lose much

You will find plenty of the leftovers in the refrigerator from which you can make out a dinner, I know. Don't eat all the new onions as I need some.

I may be a little late as tea is to be served after the games; but I'll be home some time tonight sure.

With bushels of love,

WIFEY.

(The disappointment, the distress, and the anxiety of hubby should be very evident while reading and after reading this note. He should betray his inner workings by wiping repeatedly the perspiration from his forehead and face.)

3. So there, and so there I know where my wifey's gone;
So there, and so there I know where my wifey's gone.
Her thoughts of me are precious,
Her love to me is dear;

(Phone rings and hubby answers.)

"Yes, wifey; this is hubby."

"You won ten dollars? Is that straight, Dearie?"

"That's great. Bully for little wifey!"

"You will use that to pay for your last permanent wave, did you say? When may I expect to get the five I loaned you last month?"

"You'll pay that with hugs and kisses. That's very sweet of you, I assure you; but I need cash."

"You are going to try for the twenty-five bucks? Great, if you win; but good-bye if you lose."

"You have a hunch that you will win?"

"Well, just as you say, Darling. I'm your hubby forever, you know."

(They kiss over the phone.)

4. Oh dear, and oh dear, I wish wifey now were here;
Oh dear, and oh dear, I wish wifey now were here.
My darling I shall praise,
Love and cherish all my days;
Oh dear, and oh dear, I wish wifey now were here.

(Phone rings again:)

"What's that? What has happened, Darling?"

You have lost twenty-five dollars and——"

(Hubby gets so excited and nervous that he can hardly hold the phone to his ear. Sometimes while holding the phone to his heart he talks into space. Jumps about on his chair, almost falls upon the floor as the climax is approaching.)

"Please don't talk so fast and speak louder if you can."

"You checked on me to cover credit?"

"Please come home immediately."

"Can't get away before tea at ten without some good excuse?"

"Tell your hostess that I have auto-intoxication."

"AUTO-INTOXICATION."

"No bones broken yet; but hurt internally, *internally!*"

"No, not externally—just internally. I did not say eternally; only internally in the region of my pants right pocket."

"You haven't even a car ticket?"

"For heaven's sake, call a taxi and I'll wait for you."

(This conversation may be amplified to suit local settings and circumstances and worked out with great success at the pleasure and ability of the parties engaged. Hubby after hanging up or throwing the phone on the floor walks the floor or room in great excitement and pulls off some funny stunts until the buzzer hums, when he leaves the stage with an awful look upon his face.)

Southern Eats

(Tune—"Old Folks at Home")

- Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where you get the best goose liver
That can be bought today:

There's where they grow the best potatoes,
And sugar beets,
Corn, melons, and the best tomatoes,
And have the best of eats.

CHORUS

All the world's on wheels or flying,
 Everywhere I roam;
 I fancy I smell bacon frying
 Down in that Southern home.

2. All 'round the little farm I wandered,
 Long, long ago,
 An' 'bout the whale and Jonah pondered
 If all the facts are so:

But when I smelled the corn pone steamin'
 Happy was I;
 And quickly fled my foolish dreamin';
 For those old times I sigh.

Chorus

3. One little cabin was the neatest,
 That one was mine;
 There's where the honey was the sweetest,
 The brightest sun did shine;

The biscuits, too, were far the lightest,
 The ham, supreme;
 The candles there did shine the brightest,
 Life there was one sweet dream.

Chorus

NOTE.—If this be sung either by a colored singer or by a person with blackened face and dressed in the old styles of the colored people the words should be changed to darkey dialect. This would add much to the effect and success of the effort.

The singer could be a dear old mammy rocking and busy knitting or sewing; or by some old colored man with a cane which is used in making gestures.

Funny Memories

(Tune—"The Old Oaken Bucket")

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
Although I'm an adult of multiplied years;
The days of delight which I spent in the wildwood,
And how day and night I was harrassed by fears.

Old witches and giants that surely would get me
If I disobeyed or a falsehood did tell;
The bears and the Indians, too, did beset me,
And Dad's oaken paddle which made us kids yell.

CHORUS

That old oaken paddle,
That broad, stinging paddle,
That terrible paddle
Which made us kids yell.

2. The orchard, the meadow with bumblebees teeming,
And hot yellow-jackets and hornest, a few;
Ah! those were the days when to live was no dreaming,
And life was a battle each busy day through.

Then think of the measles and mumps and the colic,
The whooping cough, tooth ache, and chickenpox—
well!

And then that old paddle if I wished to frolic,
That old oaken paddle which made us kids yell.

Chorus

3. Just think of the remedies used in our childhood,
That dear castor oil, I can taste it today;
The teas made from roots which we got in the wildwood,
So bitter and strong in the old-fashioned way.

That sweet paragoric, so soothing, relieving,
And poultices, blisters, what more should I tell?
With hundreds of other things past all believing,
Then add Dad's old paddle which made us kids yell.

Chorus

Our Old Kentucky Broom

(Tune—"My Old Kentucky Home")

1. The sun shines bright in our pretty cottage room,
'Tis summer, the roses are gay,
While all are glad yet there is a touch of gloom,
For we kindly laid our family broom away.

Since we were kids that old broom has been our pal,
We've straddled it many a day;
But now it stands in a corner and it shall
Never more sweep up the crumbs we dropped at play.

CHORUS

Sweep no more, my ladies,
Oh, sweep no more, I pray;
We shall use our new vacuum cleaner every day,
And for it we have a year in which to pay.

2. That dear old broom now is badly out of form;
It's crooked and ugly and old;
It has swept the snow after many a winter storm,
And has done its work both in the heat and cold.

When it was new all our carpets it kept clean,
It stood by the large kitchen door;
But now that broom will no longer there be seen,
We just brought a vacuum sweeper from the store.
—Cho.

My Money

(Tune—"My Bonnie")

1. My money I gave to my sweetheart,
To me she was sweet as could be:
My money I gave to my sweetheart,
And now she won't recognize me.

CHORUS

Give back, give back,
Oh, give back my money to me, to me;
Give back, give back,
Oh, give back my money to me.

2. My money I bet on the races ;
 'Twas money I borrowed from Dad :
 My money I bet on the races,
 And you ought to guess why I'm sad.

Chorus

3. My money I kept in my pocket ;
 I took it wherever I went :
 And somebody picked my coat pocket,
 So now I have not a red cent.

Chorus

4. My money I hid in my stocking,
 That day I was in a bad wreck,
 My money fell out of my stocking,
 And somebody got it, by heck.

Chorus

Old Loves

(Tune—"When You and I Were Young")

1. I drove out today to my farm, Maggie,
 Alone in my nice, new sedan ;
 I felt rather sober today, Maggie,
 As a rich, middle-aged, single man.
 I stopped on the way by the mill, Maggie,
 A fine chicken dinner I got ;
 And while I was there all alone, Maggie,
 Of you I most lovingly thought.
2. I drew from my pocket your face, Maggie,
 When your face was sweet, full and fair ;
 Your eyes looked in mine with rich grace, Maggie,
 And plenty was your glossy hair.
 Your picture I keep near my heart, Maggie,
 Wherever I happen to be ;
 Although we are now miles apart, Maggie,
 You always seem closely with me.

3. I know we both have our regrets, Maggie,
 Because we have drifted apart;
 Our teeth are now false, too, both sets, Maggie,
 And I have to doctor my heart.
 Our faces are wrinkled with age, Maggie,
 And each of us has a bald spot:
 And I have rheumatics quite bad, Maggie,
 And you have neuralgia a lot.
4. And yet, love, like wine with its age, Maggie,
 Grows richer and stronger each day;
 I beg that we turn a new page, Maggie,
 And let us get married, I pray.
 No more our lives then will mar, Maggie,
 Your cooking will suit me, I know:
 I'll get you a new, handsome car, Maggie,
 To see Squire Jones let us go.

The Good Old Days

(Tune—"Old Black Joe")

1. Gone are the day of the good dried apple pies,
 Gone are the days of the skeeters and the flies,
 Gone are the days when our kids we did chastise,
 Now men don't wear long hair and whiskers and look
 wise.

CHORUS

I'm sighing,
 I'm buying,
 And the prices are sky-high;
 I think I hear an airplane coming,
 Hey! Good-bye!

2. Those good old days when the home was one dear place;
 When woman wore rouge upon her face;
 When no one had an appendix or a thrill,
 And all we had to take when bilious was a pill.

Chorus

3. Times sure have changed to a fearful, rapid gait,
 And no one knows what may happen next, of late;
 But this I know, we did more then as we pleased,
 And no one kicked when people jay-walked, coughed, or
 sneezed.

Chorus

If a Body Meet a Body

(Tune—"Comin' Thro' the Rye")

1. If a laddie meet a lassie
In the public square;
If the lassie smiles and blushes,
And is sweet and fair;
If the laddie, too, is handsome,
Manly, brave, and true,
If the laddie kiss the lassie—
What is that to you?
2. If a tourist meet a tourist
On the public way,
If a tourist has car trouble
What should tourists say?
Should a tourist pass a tourist
And give him no heed?
Should a tourist help a tourist
If he stands in need?
3. If a woman meet a woman
At a party, gay,
If a woman meet a woman
What should women say?
Should a woman only gossip,
Or discuss the news?
Don't the women talk to women
What they freely choose?
4. If a neighbor meet a neighbor
On the busy street;
If a neighbor meet a neighbor—
How should neighbors meet?
Should a neighbor tell his troubles,
Make his neighbor blue?
And if out of plug tobacco
Beg him for a chew?
5. If a neighbor meet a neighbor
At their back yard fence;
If a neighbor meet a neighbor
Should they talk good sense?

Or should they pick up some quarrel
 On some small affair?
 In defense of reputation,
 Pull each other's hair?

The Old Songs

(Tune—"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs")

1. I cannot sing the old songs
 I sang in years gone by;
 I never thought that I could sing
 However hard I try.
 And still I find I hum tunes yet
 Which seem so very dear to me;
 And here is one I can't forget,
 "My Country, 'Tis of Thee";
 And here is one I can't forget,
 "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

2. In spite of all these noisy days
 Of autos, cars, and planes,
 I often hum my childhood's lays,
 And old familiar strains;
 Such as "My Old Kentucky Home",
 And "Dixie", "Darling Nellie Gray",
 And back again to scenes I roam
 When but a child at play
 And back again to scenes I roam
 When but a child at play

3. I cannot sing the old songs,
 For they are out of date;
 To sing the late and new songs,
 I pause and hesitate;
 Because the time is new to me,
 They lack the sweet, rich melodies.
 Which fill the heart with joy and glee,
 And cheer, and bless, and please.
 Which fill the heart with joy and glee,
 And cheer, and bless, and please.

Stunt Songs

How Do You Do?

Words and Music by
THOS. B. WEAVER

UNISON. Lively

How do you do?..... How do you do?.....

Detailed description: This system shows the first two staves of the song. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a triplet of eighth notes under the first 'do'. The bass line consists of quarter and eighth notes, also featuring a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics 'How do you do?.....' are written below the notes.

How do you do?.... We say: do?.... we say:

Detailed description: This system continues the musical notation. The top staff has a first ending bracket labeled '1 Harmony' and a second ending bracket labeled '2 Harmony'. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes. The bass line continues with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'How do you do?.... We say: do?.... we say:' are written below the notes.

Unison
f.

Harmony
Repeat D. S.

How-dy, how-dy, how-dy do you do? do?

Detailed description: This system shows the final part of the song. The top staff is marked 'Unison' and 'f.'. It features a triplet of eighth notes followed by a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The bass line consists of quarter notes. The lyrics 'How-dy, how-dy, how-dy do you do? do?' are written below the notes.

All sorts of funny and rustic questions should follow after singing through, such as,—

FOR MEN—

- “When did you come to town?”
- “How are all the home folks?”
- “How are crops a-growin’?”
- “How’s your rheumatism?”

FOR WOMEN—

“Have you had your hair bobbed?”

“Do you do your housework?”

“How is your neuralgia?”

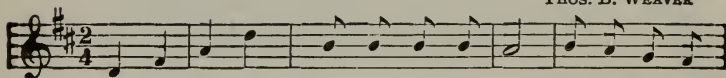
“How’s your poultry doin’?”

This greeting song should be used early in the evening of the party in order to get acquainted. A group of persons who can sing well starts out singing and shaking hands.

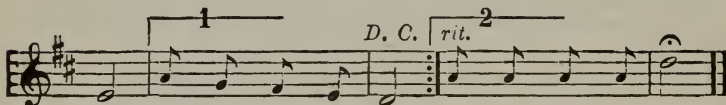
The men should dress like “Rubes” and the women like “Rachael’s.” The funnier the costumes and the more comic the acting, the more enjoyable will the effects be.

The Social Song

Words and Music by
THOS. B. WEAVER



Hear ye, hear ye, { 1. This is my com-mand, Ev-'ry-bod - y
2. For a lit - tle while Ev-'ry-bod - y



stand, Ev - 'ry - bod - y stand; } Ev - 'ry - bod - y stand.
smile, Ev - 'ry - bod - y smile; } Ev - 'ry - bod - y smile.

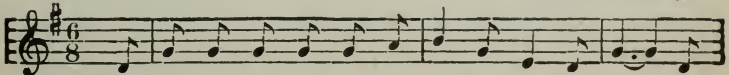
3. Now both small and great,
Stand up very straight,
Stand up very straight.
4. Open wide your eyes,
To show great surprise,
To show great surprise.
5. Let each couple face,
Bow with care and grace,
Bow with care and grace,
6. For a pleasant while
Now shake hands and smile,
Now shake hands and smile.

SUGGESTIONS—The director should have the guests line up around the room or hall and count off by twos, as one, two; one, two; and so on until all have been placed in couples.

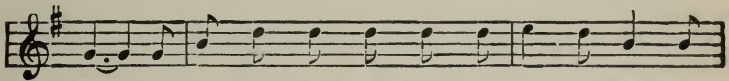
The conductor should most amusingly gesture and mimic or imitate what he tells the guests to do and get after all those who seem stiff and formal. All will greatly enjoy this stunt, which should be pulled off at the most opportune time for social effects.

The Minister's Cat

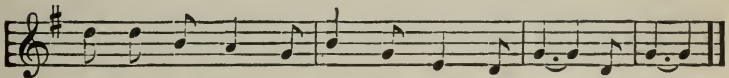
Words and Music by
THOS. B. WEAVER



* (Letter, A.) The min - is - ter's cat was an *anx-ious* cat, O - ho! O -



ho! The min - is - ter's cat was an *anx-ious* cat, While



wait - ing to catch a sly old rat, O - ho! O - ho!

*For the letter A—angry, agile, awkward, active, adult, aged, etc.

*For the letter B—busy, backward, bashful, bankrupt, barefaced, etc.

DIRECTIONS—The guests should be divided into groups of equal numbers. Each group should select a leader, and by itself make out the largest list of suitable words beginning with a certain letter, each group selecting its own letter secretly and building its own list secretly. The words must be words of two syllables with the accent upon the first syllable.

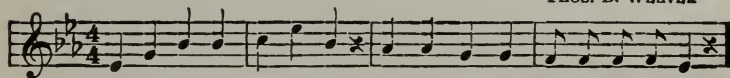
Two or more groups may select the same letter for the winning group will be determined by the list sung and greatest number of suitable words used.

When a reasonable length of time has been allowed in preparing the lists, the director as he may choose will call a group to come to the front of the room or upon the platform or stage of the hall, to sing its list.

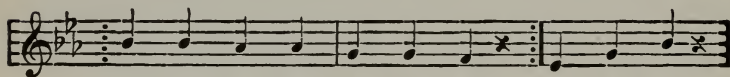
The amusing words and the humorous acting employed in the presentation of the stunt will also have a grading value in assigning various prizes. This is a very popular feature of entertainment, and at the same time affords some educational drill of value.

The Alphabet Stunt

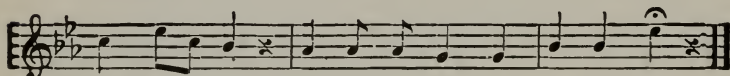
Words and Music by
THOS. B. WEAVER



A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,



Q, R, S, T, U, W, V, X, Y, Z.



- | | |
|---|---|
| $\left. \begin{array}{l} 1. \text{ Cough and sneeze,} \\ 2. \text{ Bum - ble - bees,} \\ 3. \text{ Catch the fleas,} \\ 4. \text{ Smile to please,} \end{array} \right\}$ | $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Now I have sung my} \\ \text{(we)} \qquad \qquad \text{(our)} \end{array} \right\} \text{ A, B, C's.}$ |
|---|---|

DIRECTIONS—The singing may be done by four persons or by four groups of singers.

When each of the stunts is sung, all the guests present are to act as requested for a few seconds and then the closing measures are to be sung.

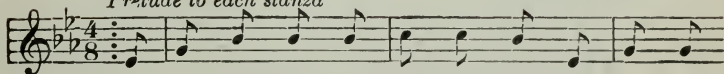
A clever acting music director comically dressed will add greatly to the measure of fun to be gotten out of this song. He should have a long-tailed coat, high collar, large cuffs, long tousled hair (possibly wear a wig), face should be highly painted, and wear an old pair of spectacles.

When the singer or singers reach the last high note all manner of efforts to appear operatic should be pulled off; and the director should fairly become ecstatic.

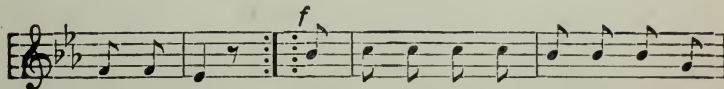
Farmer Brown

Words and Music by
THOS. B. WEAVER

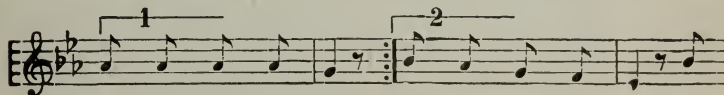
Prelude to each stanza



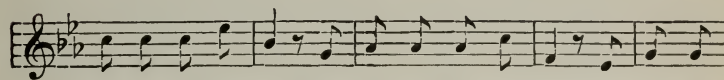
{ Old Farm - er Brown came home one night, And it was
He claims He had an aw - ful fright Down at the



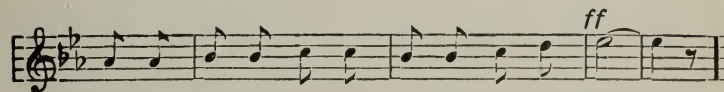
ver - y late; } 1. { An owl sat in an old oak tree, As
big farm gate. } And yelled at Brown most fright-ful-ly, "And



owls at night-time do? who, who, who are you?" "And



who, who, who are you? And who, who, who are you?" And yelled at



Brown most fright-ful - ly, "And who, who, who are you?" . .

Old Farmer Brown came home one night,

And it was very late;

He claims he had an awful fright

Down at the big farm gate.

An owl sat in an old oak tree,

As owls at night time do.

And yelled at Brown most frightfully,

"And who, who, who are you?"

"And who, who, who are you?"

"And who, who, who are you?"

And yelled at Brown most frightfully,

"And who, who, who are you?"

(The first four lines may be repeated at the beginning of each stanza.)

A large white cock sat on a post,
 As cocks at night time do.
 He spread his wings like some tall ghost,
 And yelled, "Cock-Doo-dle-doo."
 And yelled, "Cock-Doo-dle-doo."
 And yelled, "Cock-Doo-dle-doo."
 He spread his wings like some tall ghost,
 And yelled, "Cock-Doo-dle-doo."

An old black cow with horns of white,
 As cows are apt to do,
 Just bellowed out with all her might—
 "Moo-moo-moo-moo-moo-moo."
 "Moo-moo-moo-moo-moo-moo."
 "Moo-moo-moo-moo-moo-moo."
 Just bellowed out with all her might,
 "Moo-moo-moo-moo-moo-moo."

An old white duck was half asleep,
 When Farmer Brown got back,
 And when of him she got a peep,
 She yelled, "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 She yelled, "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 She yelled, "Quack, quack, quack, quack."
 And when of him she got a peep,
 She yelled, "Quack, quack, quack, quack."

SUGGESTION.—Each group, after singing its stanza, should for a short time imitate the voice of its object.

Each stanza may be sung and acted out by a different group of guests.

Oh, Mother! Oh, Mother!

(Tune—"The Blue Bells of Scotland")

DAUGHTER:

O mother, O mother, where has my lipstick gone?
 O mother, O mother, where has my lipstick gone?

MOTHER:

The baby's painting pictures with it out upon the lawn,
 And oh, gee! You should see such a beauty he has
 drawn

DAUGHTER:

O mother, O mother, I've lost my toothbrush now.
O mother, O mother, I've lost my toothbrush now.

MOTHER:

Your daddy's took it to the barn to curry off the cow,
So my dear, have good cheer, and do not make such a
 row.

DAUGHTER:

O mother, O mother, where can my corset be?
O mother, O mother, where can my corset be?

MOTHER:

Your brother took it to the game, a catcher bold is he,
And he thought, yes, he thought a protector it would be.

DAUGHTER:

O mother, O mother, my doggie's loose again.
O mother, O mother, my doggie's loose again.

MOTHER:

Your dog is out there in the street a chewin' up a man.
But your pa's goin' to get him just as soon's he can.

DAUGHTER:

O mother, O mother, I'm going out to swim.
O mother, O mother, I'm going out to swim.

MOTHER:

You must be careful, darling, hang your clothes upon a
 limb,
And be sure, very sure, not to wet your dainty skin.

My Mother's a Beautiful Lady

(Tune—"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

My mother's a beautiful lady,
 My father's as wise as can be,
 My sister's an excellent singer,
 But th' gods never smiled upon me.

CHORUS

On me, on me,
 The gods never smiled upon me.
 On me, on me,
 The gods never smiled upon me.

My wifey is sick with dyspepsia,
 My dad has a rheumatic knee,
 While aunty has spells of hay fever,
 But nothing's the matter with me.

CHORUS

With me, with me,
 There's nothing the matter with me.
 With me, with me,
 There's nothing the matter with me.

My mother-in-law's a great gossip,
 My daughter is proud as can be.
 My uncle is all the time cussing,
 But nothing is wrong about me.

CHORUS

'Bout, me, bout me,
 Oh, nothing is wrong about me.
 'Bout, me, bout me,
 Oh, nothing is wrong about me.

It Isn't Any Trouble

(Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic")

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
 It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
 So smile when you're in trouble,
 It will vanish like a bubble,
 If you'll only take the trouble
 Just to s-m-i-l-e.

It isn't any trouble just to l-a-u-g-h.
 It isn't any trouble just to l-a-u-g-h.
 So smile when you're in trouble,
 It will vanish like a bubble,
 If you'll only take the trouble
 Just to l-a-u-g-h.

From the "Golden Book of Favorite Songs" published by Hall & McCreary Co.,
 Chicago.

For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

1. For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a jol - ly good fel - low, For he's a
 1. We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go
 1. The bear went o - ver the moun - tain, The bear went o - ver the moun - tain, The bear went
 2. Was the oth - er side of the moun - tain, The oth - er side of the moun - tain, The oth - er

Fine. *D.C.*
 jol - ly good fel - low, Which no - bod - y can de - ny! Which no - bod - y can de - ny,
 home un - til morn - ing, Till day - light doth ap - pear! Till day - light doth ap - pear!
 o - ver the mountain, To see what he could see! (Yell) And all that he could see—
 side of the mountain, Was all that he could see! *To verse 2.*

From "Twice 55 Community Songs" Book, \$1. Used by permission of C. C.
 Birchard and Co., publishers.

Old John Brown

(Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Old John Brown, he had a wart upon his chin,
 Old John Brown, he had a wart upon his chin,
 Old John Brown, he had a wart upon his chin,
 It ain't goin' to bother him agin.

CHORUS

Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Glory, glory hallelujah,
 It ain't goin' to bother him agin.

SECOND STANZA:

Old John Brown, he had a pimple on his chin, *etc.*

THIRD STANZA:

Old John Brown, he had some whiskers on his chin, *etc.*

FOURTH STANZA:

Old John Brown, he had tobacco juice on his chin, *etc.*

SUGGESTION.—It might be well to omit the word "chin" on second line of each stanza and point to chin. Also on the third line the words "upon his chin" may be omitted, the singers pointing to chin while the music proceeds.

How Well I Remember

(Tune—"Ben Bolt")

How well I remember the spankings I got—
 The spankings that dad used to give.
 He wielded the stick like a thousand of brick,
 It sure is a wonder I live;
 In the old woodshed was the scene of my woe,
 And the stick was a hickory one.
 Oh boy, how it stung, I can feel it yet,
 And I yelled like a son-uv-a-gun,

McDonald's Farm

Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i - o, And on this farm he had a duck

Ee-i, ee - i - o, With a quack, quack here and a quack, quack there, Here a quack, there a quack

Here and there a quack, quack, Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i- ee-i - o.

Additional verses may be sung in the same way by substituting the following:

Hen—cluck, cluck.

Dog—bow, wow.

Mule—he haw.

From the "Golden Book of Favorite Songs" published by Hall & McCreary Co.,
Chicago.

A PAGE OF CLEVER STUNTS

GOOFY STUNTS

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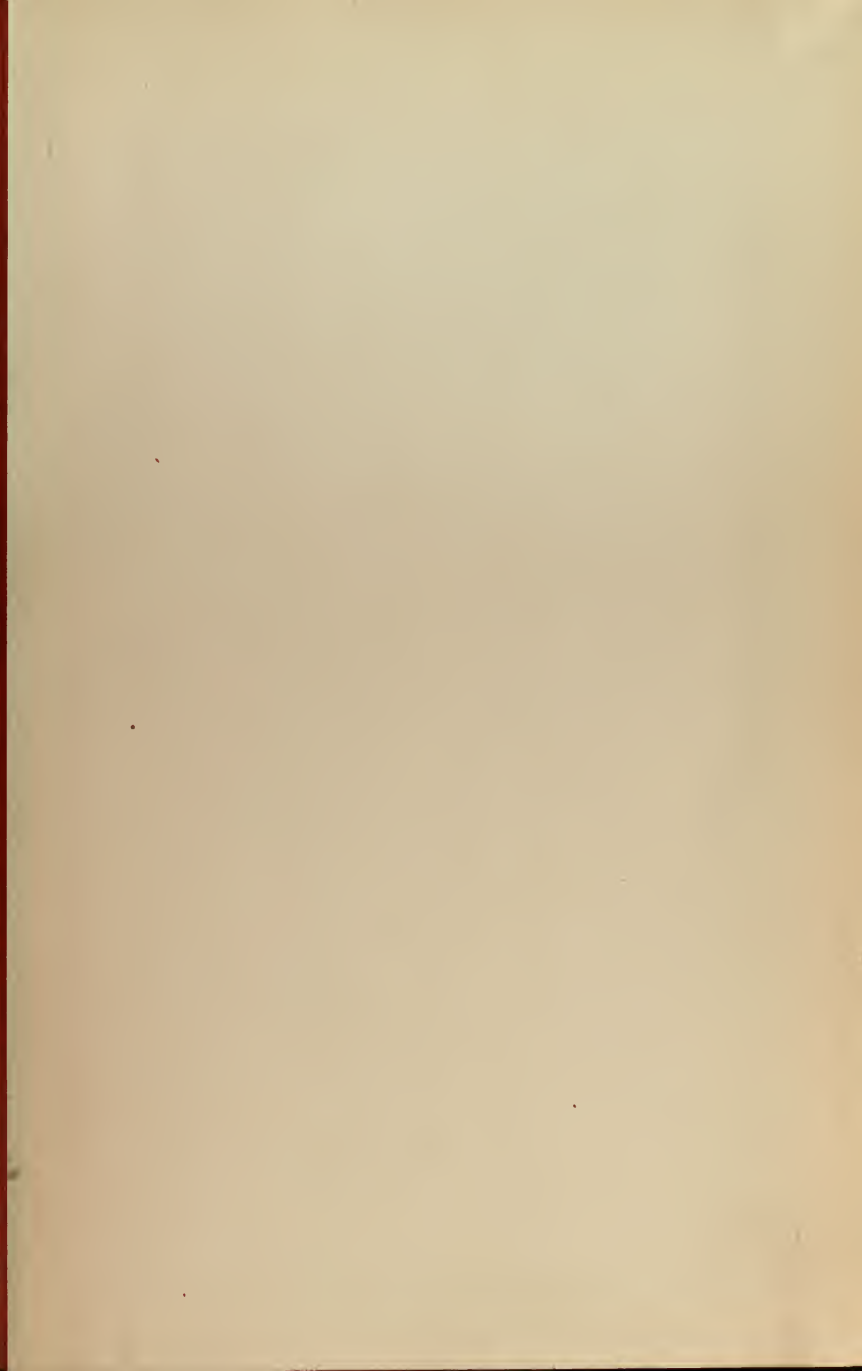
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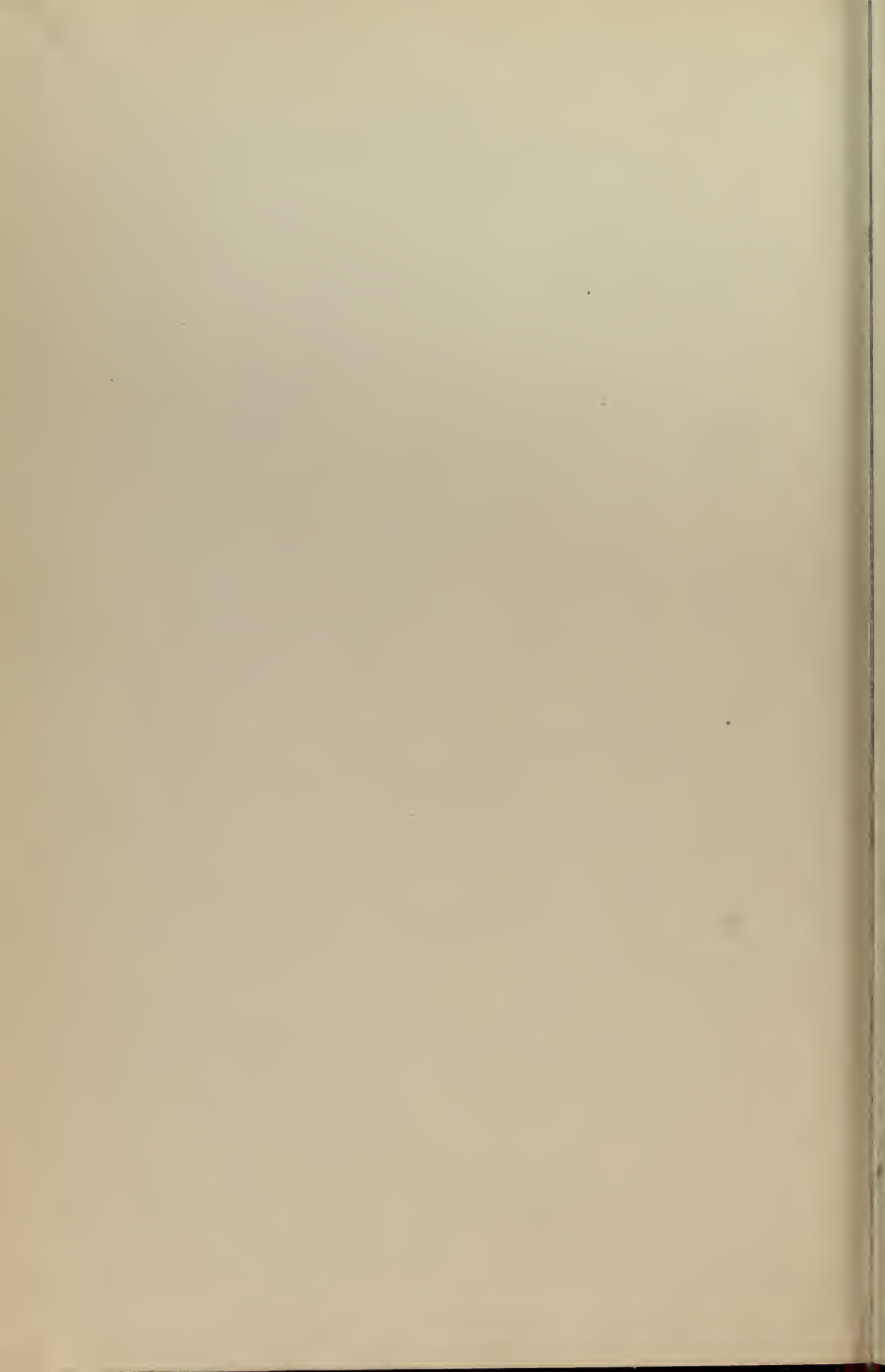
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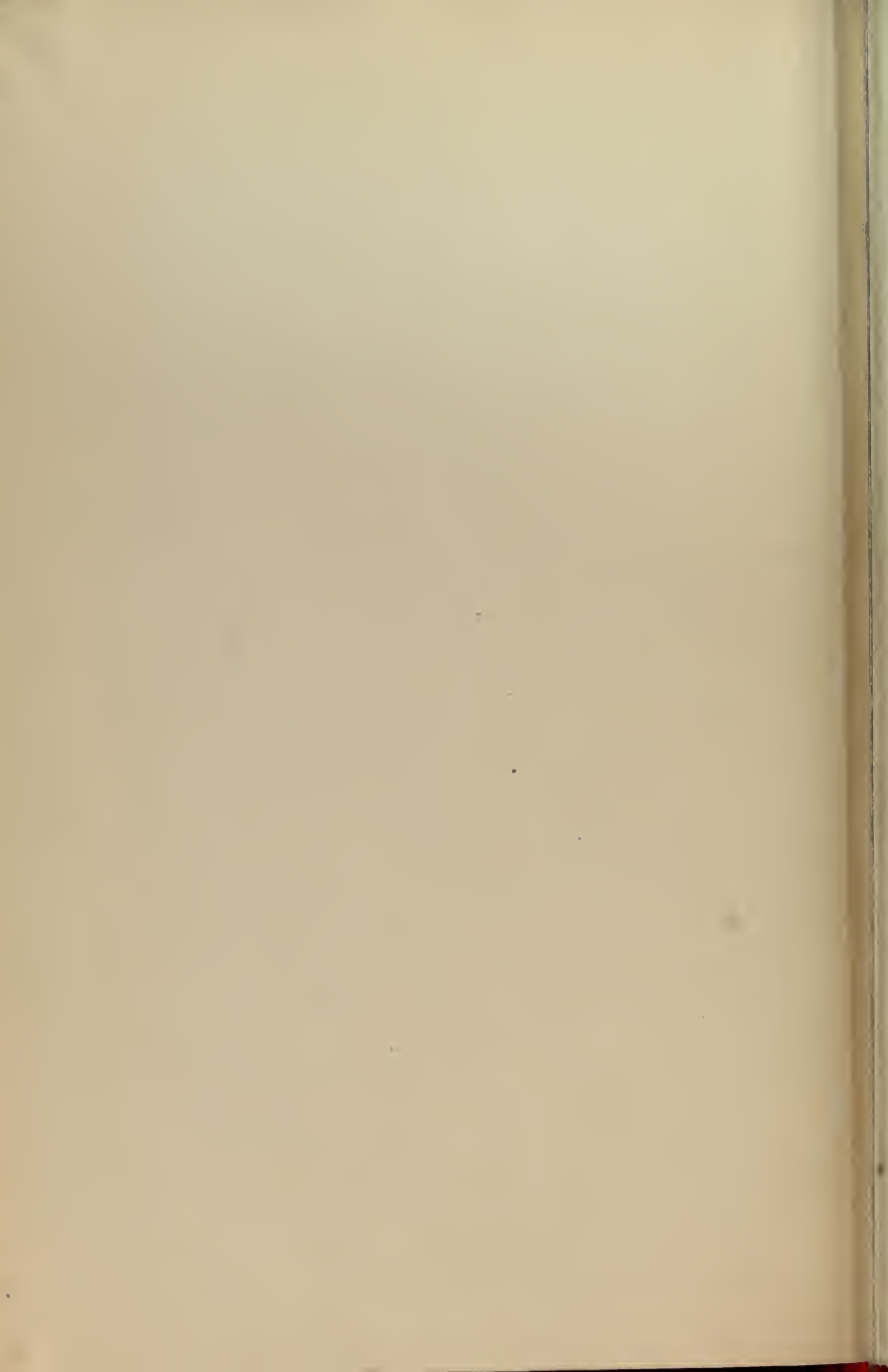
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